

A MATTER OF HEALTH



THIRTEEN HOURS IN RIGGING

Harrowing Experience of Crew of Seven On Sinking Steamer.

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The vessel will be a total loss. It is understood that the Montana is owned in Somers Point, N. J.

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The Neafie & Levy company has done, and is doing, considerable work for the United States government. The protected cruiser St. Louis, 9700 tons, is now on the stocks, and is two-thirds completed. Besides this the company recently received contracts for the building of three steel tugs for the government. The company has built several torpedo boats and torpedo boat destroyers, and recently finished the cruiser Denver. The company is also doing much private work.

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Toward 1 o'clock the workmen and students seemed to swarm toward the corner of the Hotel Europe, opposite the Kazan Cathedral. Then, when there was not a single mounted policeman in sight, on the stroke of 1, from the heart of the thickly wedged crowd a blood-red flag, like a sheet of flame, suddenly shot up. It was the signal. Other flags appeared in the crowd, waving frantically overhead; and they were greeted with a hoarse roar "Down with autocracy." The students surged into the street, singing the "Marseillaise," while innocent spectators, seeking to extricate themselves, crowded into doorways and hugged the walls. Dismounted police made a single attempt to force their way into the crowd to wrest the flags from the demonstrators, but the students and workmen, armed with sticks, stood close and beat back the assailants. Then, like a flash, from behind the Kazan Cathedral, came a squadron of gendarmes. The doors of adjoining courtyards were thrown back, and battalions of police came out. A double squadron charged the flank of the demonstrators with drawn sabres. Five other squadrons circled the mob, cutting through the fringe of spectators, who gladly scurried to cover. The main wedge of the demonstrators stood fast

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Continuing, the witness said: "She then handed me a paper to sign." This paper witness did not have with him, but as near as he could remember it read: "I certify that I hold in trust for Mrs. Cassie Chadwick securities and a note for \$5,000,000." Mr. Reynolds would not swear to the wording, but it was to that effect.

The note was not endorsed, but he had no doubt that the alleged maker of the note was back of the woman. He had read the trust agreement, but had never seen the signature. Mrs. Chadwick had told him the original was in the package he held. He confidently believed everything would be paid, up to a week ago, and had no suspicion of anything wrong until a few days before Mr. Newton brought his suit.

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Mrs. Chadwick's alleged securities are as follows:

Note held by Citizens' National Bank of Oberlin, \$500,000; note held by Citizens' National Bank of Oberlin, \$250,000; note given President Beckwith, \$500,000; note held by Iri Reynolds, \$5,000,000; certificate of trusteeship for securities, held by Reynolds, \$10,246,000; total, \$16,496,000.

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Ironmaster Must Give Testimony in Cleveland in Chadwick Case.

New York, Dec. 13.—A subpoena was served on Andrew Carnegie at his home in this city, calling upon him to go to Cleveland and testify in the case of Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick.

Mr. Carnegie is requested to appear before the federal grand jury in the United States district court at 9 a. m. tomorrow. The summons was issued by Judge Francis J. Wing, of the United States district court of the northern district of Ohio, and was accepted willingly by Mr. Carnegie.

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Mr. Carnegie will be paid five cents a mile for his trip to Cleveland and \$1.50 a day for his time when actually before the grand jury.

ROUNDING UP BANK ROBBERS

Alleged Leader of Gang and His Wife Arrested in Baltimore.

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 13.—After a "still hunt" by Marshal Farnan, Deputy Marshal Manning and Captain of Detectives Humphrey, of the local department, assisted by police officials from the counties and Baltimore detectives, a man, who gave his name as Edward Morgan, 24 years old, and his wife Maud, about 22 years of age, were arrested in connection with the bank robberies in La Plata, Charles county, and Mount Airy, Carroll county, Md.

Including Mrs. Morgan, who is held in the central police station, there are in all 25 persons in custody here on charges of being implicated in bank and postoffice robberies in Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina.

The authorities are apparently forging a chain of evidence against several of the men, and expect to prove that they have captured a gang of safe blowers notorious in all parts of the country.

Girl Mangled By Train.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 12.—While crossing the Pennsylvania railroad tracks at Turtle Creek, Emma Croft, aged 21 years, slipped and fell directly in front of an approaching freight train. Both of her legs above the knees were ground off and her body was otherwise mangled. She lived but a short time. Martin Croft, the girl's brother, was just ahead of her, carrying his 8-year-old daughter on his arm. When Croft saw his sister's danger he tried with his disengaged hand to drag her from the rails, but was struck by the engine and thrown to the side of the track. His shoulder is broken and his daughter is in a serious condition from shock.

County Treasurer Missing.

Logansport, Ind., Dec. 13.—County Treasurer Frank Obenchain has been missing for two weeks. His bondsmen placed Jacob Guthrie in charge, pending an accounting. It is known there is a large shortage, which is estimated in the neighborhood of \$60,000. Obenchain, it is said, has been heavily interested in Virginia oil companies. He was elected treasurer four years ago. His term expires January 1, 1905.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED.

Wednesday, December 7.

Frank C. Somers has been appointed sheriff of Camden county, N. J., to succeed H. W. Johnson, resigned.

Charles Westenborger, of Philadelphia, was shot and killed by the accidental discharge of his gun while out hunting.

John Godshalk, of Camden, N. J., was struck by a train on the Pennsylvania railroad near Christiansa, Pa., and instantly killed.

Charles Frost, confidential clerk of two firms connected with the National Stock Yards at St. Louis, is under arrest, charged with being \$16,000 short in his accounts.

Thursday, December 8.

Low Spencer, famous in the minstrel world for the last 20 years, dropped dead in Chicago from heart disease.

Senator Proctor presented to the senate a memorial adopted by the Vermont legislature, protesting against reciprocity with Canada.

Townsend Cox, of Bordentown, N. J., an ex-member of the New Jersey legislature, died of injuries sustained in falling down stairs in his home.

Daniel Best, of Harrisburg, Pa., was convicted of forging his son's name to a government pay warrant and sentenced to 30 days in jail and pay a fine of \$100.

Friday, December 9.

By an explosion of fire damp in a coal mine at Burnett, Wash., 11 miners were killed and four injured.

The safe of the Point Pleasant, W. Va., postoffice was blown open by robbers and \$1100 in cash and stamps taken.

A steam pipe burst on the British steamer Murcia at Baltimore, Md., and frightfully scalded two men, one fatally.

Jesse Williams, an agent for a Philadelphia medical book concern, committed suicide in Wilmington, Del., by shooting.

Fannie Snyder, aged 7 years, of Philadelphia, fell into a tub of scalding water at her home and was fatally scalded.

Saturday, December 10.

Dr. Garrett Lampen, of Philadelphia, has been elected president of Bellevue Presbyterian College, Omaha, Neb.

Eleven fishermen were drowned in an attempt to rescue the crew of a wrecked steamer at Newbiggin, England.

The court house at Jamestown, Fentress county, Tenn., was burned by incendiaries and many valuable records were destroyed.

The child labor law of Illinois is being enforced in the coal mines of the state, and 2500 boys have been taken away from employment.

Joseph Jacobs, of New York, a detective attached to the district attorney's office, was sentenced to prison for one year for perjury in the Canfield gambling case.

Monday, December 12.

President Roosevelt has decided not to call a special session of congress in the spring to revise the tariff.

Amendments to the Montana state constitution relating to child labor and the eight-hour law have been declared in full force.

The register of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., shows 823 midshipmen enrolled, the largest number in the history of the institution.

Knocking a handkerchief about his neck and placing a newspaper through it, James T. Lunn twisted the paper until he strangled to death at Flint, Mich.

The pay of the anthracite miners of Pennsylvania for November has just been fixed at 7 per cent. above the minimum basis fixed by the strike commission.

Tuesday, December 13.

The arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain was signed in Washington.

Robbers entered the postoffice at Reinbeck, Ia., and escaped with \$2500, after exchanging shots with a posse.

On the North German Lloyd steamer Hanover, which arrived at New York from Bremen, were 20,000 birds, mostly canaries.

The widow of Confederate General D. H. Hill, sister of Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson, died at Raleigh, N. C., at an advanced age.

For the fifth time within two months the Newport (Ky.) Iron Foundry was dynamited, but no one was injured. Strikers are suspected.

Roanoke, Va., Dec. 13.—The entire junior class at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute resigned. The junior class is composed of 130 men. The cause of the action was the alleged unjustifiable dismissal of one of their members. The sophomore and senior classes also have become involved, and they also may resign within the next few days.

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The authorities are apparently forging a chain of evidence against several of the men, and expect to prove that they have captured a gang of safe blowers notorious in all parts of the country.

Girl Mangled by Train.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 12.—While crossing the Pennsylvania railroad tracks at Turtle Creek, Emma Croff, aged 21 years, slipped and fell directly in front of an approaching freight train. Both of her legs above the knees were ground off and her body was otherwise mangled. She lived but a short time. Martin Croff, the girl's brother, was just ahead of her, carrying his 8-year-old daughter on his arm. When Croff saw his sister's danger he tried with his disengaged hand to drag her from the rails, but was struck by the engine and thrown to the side of the track. His shoulder is broken and his daughter is in a serious condition from shock.

County Treasurer Missing.

Logansport, Ind., Dec. 13.—County Treasurer Frank Obenchain has been missing for two weeks. His bondsmen placed Jacob Guthrie in charge, pending an accounting. It is known there is a large shortage, which is estimated in the neighborhood of \$60,000. Obenchain, it is said, has been heavily interested in Virginia oil companies. He was elected treasurer four years ago. His term expires January 1, 1905.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Wednesday, December 7.

Frank C. Somers has been appointed sheriff of Camden county, N. J., to succeed H. W. Johnson, resigned.

Charles Westendorfer, of Philadelphia, was shot and killed by the accidental discharge of his gun while out hunting.

John Godshalk, of Camden, N. J., was struck by a train on the Pennsylvania railroad near Christiana, Pa., and instantly killed.

Charles Frost, confidential clerk of two firms connected with the National Stock Yards at St. Louis, is under arrest, charged with being \$16,000 short in his accounts.

Thursday, December 8.

Lew Spencer, famous in the minstrel world for the last 20 years, dropped dead in Chicago from heart disease.

Senator Proctor presented to the senate a memorial adopted by the Vermont legislature, protesting against reciprocity with Canada.

Townsend Cox, of Bordentown, N. J., an ex-member of the New Jersey legislature, died of injuries sustained in falling down stairs in his home.

Daniel Best, of Harrisburg, Pa., was convicted of forging his son's name to a government pay warrant and sentenced to 30 days in jail and pay a fine of \$100.

Friday, December 9.

By an explosion of fire damp in a coal mine at Burnett, Wash., 11 miners were killed and four injured.

The safe of the Point Pleasant, W. Va., postoffice was blown open by robbers and \$1100 in cash and stamps taken.

A steam pipe burst on the British steamer Murcia at Baltimore, Md., and frightfully scalded two men, one fatally.

Jesse Williams, an agent for a Philadelphia medical book concern, committed suicide in Wilmington, Del., by shooting.

Fannie Snyder, aged 7 years, of Philadelphia, fell into a tub of scalding water at her home and was fatally scalded.

Saturday, December 10.

Dr. Garrett Lampen, of Philadelphia, has been elected president of Bellvue Presbyterian College, Omaha, Neb.

Eleven fishermen were drowned in an attempt to rescue the crew of a wrecked steamer at Newbiggin, England.

The court house at Jamestown, Fentress county, Tenn., was burned by incendiaries and many valuable records were destroyed.

The child labor law of Illinois is being enforced in the coal mines of the state, and 2500 boys have been taken away from employment.

Joseph Jacobs, of New York, a detective attached to the district attorney's office, was sentenced to prison for one year for perjury in the Canfield gambling case.

Monday, December 12.

President Roosevelt has decided not to call a special session of congress in the spring to revise the tariff.

Amendments to the Montana state constitution relating to child labor and the eight-hour law have been declared in full force.

The register of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., shows 823 midshipmen enrolled, the largest number in the history of the institution.

Knocking a handkerchief about his neck and placing a newspaper through it, James T. Lunn twisted the paper until he strangled to death at Flint, Mich.

The pay of the anthracite miners of Pennsylvania for November has just been fixed at 7 per cent. above the minimum basis fixed by the strike commission.

Tuesday, December 13.

The arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain was signed in Washington.

Robbers entered the postoffice at Reinbeck, Ia., and escaped with \$2500, after exchanging shots with a posse.

On the North German Lloyd steamer Hanover, which arrived at New York from Bremen, were 20,000 birds, mostly canaries.

The widow of Confederate General D. H. Hill, sister of Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson, died at Raleigh, N. C., at an advanced age.

For the fifth time within two months the Newport (Ky.) Iron Foundry was dynamited, but no one was injured. Strikers are suspected.

Roanoke, Va., Dec. 13.—The entire junior class at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute resigned. The junior class is composed of 130 men. The cause of the action was the alleged unjustifiable dismissal of one of their members. The sophomore and senior classes also have become involved, and they also may resign within the next few days.

MY AUNT'S PEWTER PLATE

HOW pleased we were when it was decided that Pitsie, Nell and I were to spend the winter with Uncle Alex, Aunt Emma and dear grandma, away down in Maine.

Mamma had been very ill and the physician said she must go South and have perfect rest, so Aunt Emma had promised to take charge of us and we were to start in the morning for the farm.

We had never been in the country, except in summer, and Aunt Emma was kept busy answering our questions while packing our clothes and making other necessary arrangements for our journey.

Early the next morning we bade mamma "good-bye" with tearful eyes and sorrowful hearts, for such a long separation, but when we reached the station we were chatting merrily about what we were to see and do at grandma's, and our good-byes to papa, who accompanied us thither, were much more cheerful than one would have thought possible who had seen our woe-begone faces when starting out.

There were so many pleasures to anticipate, skating and coasting among outdoor sports, cows, calves, sheep, horses, swine and hens to be seen at the barn, all remarkable and full of interest to us city-bred children, and indoors, games, books, popping corn, and, best of all, grandma and her stories.

Grandma liked old-fashioned ways and things, and never would consent to have coal stoves, and insisted on keeping her open fireplace in her room ready for a fire, summer as well as winter.

She always had plenty of company evenings, for when twilight came the little ones flocked in there, tired with their outdoor play, delighted to cuddle down before the pleasant blaze, and listen to one of her delightful stories.

On the second evening after our arrival we were gathered around the fireside popping corn and roasting apples, when Pitsie said, "Grandma, please tell us a story about when you were a girl."

"Oh," said grandma, "will you never be tired of hearing those old stories? You must know them by heart by this time; you might tell them to me instead."

"Oh! do tell us a story, chorused all together, 'a nice story about bears or Indians, or anything like that, you know,' rather vaguely added Nell, who revelled in exciting, blood-curdling stories.

"Can't you tell us a real, truly story?" said Pitsie, somewhat anxiously, she, unlike Nell, being somewhat timid, and frightened by the imaginary horrors in which Nell delighted.

"I think perhaps I can suit both of you," said grandma, musingly. "Did I ever tell you how the pewter plate in your Aunt Emma's cabinet came to have one side melted off?"

"No, indeed, you never did," said Pitsie, promptly.

"I don't think I ever noticed the plate," said Nell, jumping up from the floor where she was sitting tending the apples, "can I get it now?"

"Yes," said grandma, "bring it here for all of us to see, and then I will tell you how the melting happened; my grandma told me the story so many times when I was young like you, that now it almost seems to me that I was living at the time, myself, and saw it, as she did, for she was a child about twelve years old, and remembered distinctly every event of that memorable night."

Nell brought the plate, and it was duly inspected with much curiosity by us children.

"Why, I always thought that was a tin plate!" exclaimed Pitsie, looking at the plate rather doubtfully. "It looks just like the tin plates they use at the Children's Home."

"It is heavier than tin," I interposed, "and has something stamped on the back, I can't just make out what it is, some trade mark, I think."

"Do let me look," exclaimed Nell. "Why, that is a lion and a unicorn, and," more slowly, "I think, a crown, but it is rather dim, almost worn off."

"Yes," said grandma, "you are correct, Nell, it is of English manufacture, and very old, just how old I cannot say. It belonged to a set, all of which were melted except that and one other, at the time I am about to tell you of, nearly twenty years before the Revolutionary War."

My great-grandfather, William Woodleigh, settled at what is now called Freeport, then a part of Yarmouth, living in a log house in a clearing he had made in the dense forest, his nearest neighbor being about four miles away, and the nearest garrison or block house nearly five miles in an-

other direction, all through thick woods.

The block houses were built as places of refuge from the Indians, when they were known to be abroad committing depredations. These houses were large enough to accommodate a number of families, very strongly built of logs, and surrounded by a yard in which cattle could be kept, and this in turn fenced in by a very high, strong fence of logs, containing loopholes, through which to reconnoiter and fire upon foes when they appeared; the block house also had loopholes, and the upper story projected over the lower one, so that should the Indians succeed in getting inside the fence or stockade, as it was called, they could be held in check and perhaps finally driven off from the house itself.

For some years William Woodleigh had tilled his little farm unmolested by the Indians, but as news of their bloody deeds became more and more frequent, and each day brought rumors of their nearer approach, he became troubled, and each night barricaded door and window with the thick blocks each settler kept for the purpose, leaving only the loopholes through which to fire upon them should they make a sudden descent upon his home. In the meantime, he made preparations for the speedy removal of his family to the block house should definite news of their approach be heard.

His household consisted of his wife, five children, the eldest, my grandmother, then twelve years old, James Smith, a young man who worked for him, and himself.

"Well, Mary," said Mr. Woodleigh to his wife, one twilight in June, "are you ready to start for the garrison tomorrow? James and I have finished planting, and I think perhaps it might be best to be on the safe side. Not that I apprehend any immediate danger," he added quickly, as he noted his wife's anxious face as she glanced quickly toward the children, who were playing about the floor, "but in these times it is better to be too soon than too late in seeking safety, and redskins are such 'pesky sly varmints,' as old Joe Wier says."

Before his wife could reply they saw James Smith running rapidly toward the house, evidently much excited.

"What's the matter, James?" said Mr. Woodleigh, as the man drew near.

"Indians!" said Smith, breathlessly. Mrs. Woodleigh hurried her children into the house, the door and window were quickly barricaded, and while Mr. Woodleigh was filling his powder horn, Smith examined the flints and at the same time related his somewhat startling experience.

He had gone some distance from the house in search of a cow which had strayed, and in crossing a wet piece of ground, his quick eye had detected a trail where Indians had passed, how many he could not tell, as they went single file, each stepping in the track of the one ahead. "But," said Smith, earnestly, "they must be very near, for the water had not settled in their tracks."

There could be no question of attempting to reach the garrison that night with the wily foe so near, and perhaps, at that very moment, watching the house from the cover of the surrounding forest.

It was a lovely night, the moon was near her full and the landscape was flooded with light; every object was distinctly visible in the little clearing, each tree and shrub cast a deep shadow on the ground, and often some member of the little garrison would imagine he detected a crouching foe; a profound silence reigned, which was almost oppressive to our anxious watchers.

It was past midnight, and they were congratulating themselves on their escape, when the melancholy hoot of an owl attracted the attention of Mr. Woodleigh. "Keep watch," he whispered to his wife and Smith, "I am afraid that is a signal. The Indians often use the notes of birds and the cries of beasts to call each other."

In a short time the hoot was repeated, but this time from the opposite side of the clearing.

"I think I can see a dog or some animal near the edge of the woods," whispered Mrs. Woodleigh.

Her husband immediately came to her side, and, after a few seconds' scrutiny, he whispered, "Indians." "They are coming on this side," whispered Smith, who was watching through a chink on the opposite side of the house.

"Don't fire until they make some demonstration," said Woodleigh, "they may think there is no one here and pass on, if we don't molest them."

Just then a stealthy step was heard at the door and a creaking noise as though a heavy weight pressed against it; but the heavily barricaded door was

made for just such emergencies, and would not yield.

Soon a line of dark forms were seen approaching the door, bearing something in their midst.

"We shall have to fire now," said Smith, "they have got a log which they are going to use to batter in the door."

"Yes," said Woodleigh quickly, "you fire at those on the right and I will take those on the left. Mary will reload the extra guns while we fire the others, and so deceive them in regard to our numbers; they are cowardly curs and will not attack except they think a house is weakly guarded," he added bitterly.

The reports of the two pieces were almost simultaneous; this was followed by a furious yell, which swelled upon the night air, arousing the sleeping children, and thrilling through the nerves of the little garrison like an electric shock.

Again the two rifles rang out, and when the smoke lifted it was seen that the Indians had retreated to the cover of the forest, leaving the log and three of their number stretched by it, killed by the discharges from the guns of the white men.

All remained quiet about the clearing for so long a time that the hope began to be entertained that the savages had retired from the attack; just then Smith's rifle rang out, and he exclaimed:

"They are on the roof; be ready for them as they come." He was interrupted by a scratching and a scrambling in the chimney, followed by the appearance of a huge savage, who fell, shot through the heart by a shot from Woodleigh's rifle. Almost before his feet reached the floor, Mrs. Woodleigh immediately piled up some light wood in the spacious fireplace, making a quick blaze to prevent further intrusion from that direction.

A loud whoop was followed by a sharp fusillade, the bullets from the Indian rifles making sharp, zipping sounds as they buried themselves in the logs, or the stout timber of the barricaded door.

The two men fired in return as often as they fancied they detected a dark form skirting the clearing, or crawling through the grass.

"I am getting short of bullets," said Smith. "I have but about two or three charges left."

"I have but four or five myself," said Woodleigh. "If they should make another sudden rush, I am afraid we could not keep them off, but we will do our best, and our clubbed rifles and knives will do same execution," he bravely added.

"I will make some bullets at once," said Mrs. Woodleigh.

"What will you make them of? There isn't a scrap of lead about the house," said Mr. Woodleigh, sadly.

"Yes, there is," quickly replied his wife. "You have forgotten my pewter platters and plates. I think they will make good bullets. I'll melt them and run some while you two keep watch; this hot fire is just the thing."

Suiting her actions to her words, first the big and then the little platters were melted and run in the molds, which were a part of the equipment of every settler in those times. These were followed in the same order by the plates, until but two remained on the hearth, the two men, meanwhile firing as often as a redskin showed himself. As day began to break Mr. Woodleigh bade his wife cease her work, as for some little time no sign of their foes had been discernible.

Mrs. Woodleigh was well nigh worn out with anxiety, and the frightened children were huddled together, having scarcely dared to breathe since that first wild yell aroused them.

Hope now revived as the daylight advanced. When the sun had risen, no sign of lurking savage being in sight, Mr. Woodleigh determined to go out and reconnoiter a little. Smith kept watch through the loophole which commanded the door, rifle in hand, while Mr. Woodleigh took down the barricade and opened the door, all being careful to keep well out of range, lest a shot come from some unseen source among the trees. Mr. Woodleigh then carefully pushed forward a stick arranged with a coat and hat to look like a half-hidden man peeping out; this was for the purpose of drawing the fire of the Indians, should any still remain in ambush. This dummy producing no effect, he went forth. It was a moment of intense anxiety for all, but no sound of shot or whoop of savage greeted his appearance. He soon found a trail, leading northward, indicating that the band had become frightened or discouraged and were returning toward Canada, whence they had come. He returned to the house, and, after all had partaken of a hurried breakfast, they started for the block house, Mr. Woodleigh leading, rifle in hand and one child upon his back.

Mrs. Woodleigh followed, with the baby in her arms; next to her came the two eldest children, one behind the other, while Smith guarded the rear, rifle in hand, and a sturdy little chap, four years old, on his back. Upon their arrival at the block house, the news of the attack and massacre of Mr. Means and child and the capture of Miss Molly Finney, a few miles distant, during the preceding night, by another band of savages, probably, a

part of the same band which had attacked them, was told.

In a few days it was found that the Indians had surely departed from that region, for a time, at least, and the settlers, who had taken refuge at the garrison, returned to their homes. Mrs. Woodleigh had but two plates left of her pewter dishes, which had been the pride of her heart, among her cherished household goods; one of these was melted at the side by the heat from the hot fire, when on the hearth that memorable night. But she never regretted their loss. And that is the story, a true one, of your Aunt Emma's pewter plate.—C. M. Reed, in Portland Transcript.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

Paper car wheels, made by pressure from rye straw, are usually in condition for a second set of steel tires after the first set is worn out by a run of 300,000 miles.

The average passenger haul on steam railways has increased from twenty-three to twenty-seven miles since electrical lines have been competing for suburban business.

The risk of gangrene from carbolic acid dressings is not generally appreciated by physicians, in the view of Dr. G. E. Shoemaker. Harm does not usually follow the applications, but one author has found recorded 132 cases of gangrene from dilute solutions of one to five per cent. applied for about twenty-four hours. The effect is usually produced without pain.

Among other destructive results of the storm which passed over Kansas City recently was the overthrow of two popular superstitions regarding lightning, namely, that it never strikes twice in the same place and that it is powerless against feathers, says the Kansas City Star. The spire of the First Congregational Church was struck by lightning for the second time within a week, and at 1421 Charlotte street the electrical current tackled a feather bed and scattered the contents all over the room.

The Japanese excel in the making of paper from the bark of trees and shrubs. Among the remarkable varieties, D. G. Fairchild mentions the thin rainproof paper used instead of glass for windows, the oiled papers, serving for coverings and clothing, and the oiled tissue for wrapping delicate articles. The bark paper, employed for men and grain sacks, is not readily penetrated by weevils and other insects. Most interesting of all, perhaps, are the leather papers, from which tobacco pouches and pipe cases are made, these papers being almost as tough as French kid, translucent, and as soft and pliable as calfskin.

Spain's Blithe Young King.

There is a grave crisis in the history of Spanish etiquette. King Alfonso XII., who is described by a French journal as "very impulsive, and at the same time very 'sports,' wishes to make a royal progress through his kingdom in an automobile. Horror of the Prime Minister! Such a vehicle, says he, is beneath the dignity of a monarch to whom the Constitution has intrusted the "sumptuous car of the State." The sumptuous car must not be driven by petrol. Horses are still harnessed to the chariot of the sun. But Spanish etiquette does not prevent the monarch from traveling by railway. Lady Currie tells a story of a young man who jumped into a compartment one day on an English train and started a conversation with an old lady who greatly admired his pleasant manners. When he was alighting she asked his name, and he answered, blithely, "Alfonso." He was Alfonso XII., then a cadet at Sandhurst. The anecdote will probably be read at Madrid with pain and incredulity.—London Chronicle.

The Pot and the Kettle.

A young woman who lives in a Southern State met recently another young woman whose home is in New England. "What place do you come from?" inquired the New Englander with polite interest. The Southerner answered that her native town was called "Horsehead," whereat her acquaintance went off into peals of merriment. "And where do you come from?" asked the Southern girl. "Oh," was the indifferent answer, "I come from Scitico-on-the-Scantic."—Harper's Weekly.

Fallacy of "Blue Blood."

The fact is that, as every observant medical practitioner sooner or later realizes, there is no great difference of the kind that theories of "birth" assume between one man and another. The basis of this fact, no doubt, is that the whole population of this country is so mixed and so connected by marriage that for any one individual to pride himself or herself on ancestry is a scientific absurdity.—General Practitioner.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

General Kuropatkin's salary is \$100,000 a year.

General Joseph Wheeler thinks of going to Manchuria as a spectator of the war.

Mr. Balfour, the English Premier, is quite a rich man, having an income of about \$350,000.

The King of Italy possesses a collection of postal stamps which is said to be worth \$500,000.

The Empress of Japan not only smokes, but uses a silver pipe with a stem ten inches long.

Lady Marjorie Bruce, after a visit to this country, says American men are the most kind and courteous in the world.

At one time King Peter of Servia was a redhot Socialist. That was while he was living a comparatively obscure life in France.

Colonel W. F. Switzer, the veteran editor and Missouri historian, has just completed a list of the 114 counties of that State showing the origin of all their names.

Ex-Governor Alonzo Garcelon, of Maine, hale and hearty at ninety-one, has been traveling about to county fairs this fall and everywhere is received with marks of profound respect and affection.

Rev. Dr. John Watson (Ian MacIar-en), who has been minister of the Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, for more than twenty-five years, has announced his intended retirement from the ministry of that church next September.

Ex-Governor F. S. Black, of New York, having become convinced of the innocence of Caleb Powers, three times convicted and now under sentence of death for the assassination of Governor Goebel, will go to Kentucky to aid in the fight to save Powers.

Wireless System Extended.

According to the report of the bureau of equipment in the navy department, the wireless telegraph systems are being extended in the United States. There have been 58 stations established on land and water and the department expects that before long it will be able to signal the noon hour to ships at sea as well as stations on land. The average navigator, however, would not welcome such time announcements as much as information concerning the weather and the movements of other vessels. Long-distance stations have been established between Cuba, Porto Rico, and Panama, and one will soon be built on the new England coast. All this must be largely experimental, for the navy will never make much progress in wireless telegraphy until some agreement has been reached for a system uniform with that used by the army and in commercial work.

Sculptor Bartholdi had the luck to get his monument up long before he died.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Gettysburg, Adams County, Pa.
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EAGLE HOTEL.

Center Square, New Oxford, Pa.
CHARLEY HERSH, - PROPRIETOR.
House newly refitted and refurbished in first-class order throughout. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Bar stocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. Extensive stabling and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate.

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The Hotel Oxford
Pitt St., midway between W. M. Depot and Center Square, New Oxford.
F. L. FLESHMAN, PROP.

Traveling Men's Headquarters. Charges moderate. Choicest wines, liquors and cigars. House refurbished throughout. All modern conveniences—steam heat, bath rooms, telephones, etc. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Ample stabling.

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"What's the matter, James?" said Mr. Woodleigh, as the man drew near.

"Indians!" said Smith, breathlessly. Mrs. Woodleigh hurried her children into the house, the door and window were quickly barricaded, and while Mr. Woodleigh was filling his powder horn, Smith examined the flints and at the same time related his somewhat startling experience.

He had gone some distance from the house in search of a cow which had strayed, and in crossing a wet piece of ground, his quick eye had detected a trail where Indians had passed, how many he could not tell, as they went single file, each stepping in the track of the one ahead. "But," said Smith, earnestly, "they must be very near, for the water had not settled in their tracks."

There could be no question of attempting to reach the garrison that night with the wily foe so near, and perhaps, at that very moment, watching the house from the cover of the surrounding forest.

It was a lovely night, the moon was near her full and the landscape was flooded with light; every object was distinctly visible in the little clearing, each tree and shrub cast a deep shadow on the ground, and often some member of the little garrison would imagine he detected a crouching foe; a profound silence reigned, which was almost oppressive to our anxious watchers.

It was past midnight, and they were congratulating themselves on their escape, when the melancholy hoot of an owl attracted the attention of Mr. Woodleigh. "Keep watch," he whispered to his wife and Smith, "I am afraid that is a signal. The Indians often use the notes of birds and the cries of beasts to call each other."

In a short time the hoot was repeated, but this time from the opposite side of the clearing.

"I think I can see a dog or some animal near the edge of the woods," whispered Mrs. Woodleigh.

Her husband immediately came to her side, and, after a few seconds' scrutiny, he whispered, "Indians."

"They are coming on this side," whispered Smith, who was watching through a chink on the opposite side of the house.

"Don't fire until they make some demonstration," said Woodleigh, "they may think there is no one here and pass on, if we don't molest them."

Just then a stealthy step was heard at the door and a creaking noise as though a heavy weight pressed against it; but the heavily barricaded door was

made for just such emergencies, and would not yield.

Soon a line of dark forms were seen approaching the door, bearing something in their midst.

"We shall have to fire now," said Smith, "they have got a log which they are going to use to batter in the door."

"Yes," said Woodleigh quickly, "you fire at those on the right and I will take those on the left. Mary will reload the extra guns while we fire the others, and so deceive them in regard to our numbers; they are cowardly curs and will not attack except they think a house is weakly guarded," he added bitterly.

The reports of the two pieces were almost simultaneous; this was followed by a furious yell, which swelled upon the night air, arousing the sleeping children, and thrilling through the nerves of the little garrison like an electric shock.

Again the two rifles rang out, and when the smoke lifted it was seen that the Indians had retreated to the cover of the forest, leaving the log and three of their number stretched by it, killed by the discharges from the guns of the white men.

All remained quiet about the clearing for so long a time that the hope began to be entertained that the savages had retired from the attack; just then Smith's rifle rang out, and he exclaimed:

"They are on the roof; be ready for them as they come." He was interrupted by a scratching and a scrambling in the chimney, followed by the appearance of a huge savage, who fell, shot through the heart by a shot from Woodleigh's rifle. Almost before his feet reached the floor, Mrs. Woodleigh immediately piled up some light wood in the spacious fireplace, making a quick blaze to prevent further intrusion from that direction.

A loud whoop was followed by a sharp fusillade, the bullets from the Indian rifles making sharp, zipping sounds as they buried themselves in the logs, or the stout timber of the barricaded door.

The two men fired in return as often as they fancied they detected a dark form skirting the clearing, or crawling through the grass.

"I am getting short of bullets," said Smith. "I have but about two or three charges left."

"I have but four or five myself," said Woodleigh. "If they should make another sudden rush, I am afraid we could not keep them off, but we will do our best, and our clubbed rifles and knives will do some execution," he bravely added.

"I will make some bullets at once," said Mrs. Woodleigh.

"What will you make them of? There isn't a scrap of lead about the house," said Mr. Woodleigh, sadly.

"Yes, there is," quickly replied his wife. "You have forgotten my pewter platters and plates. I think they will make good bullets. I'll melt them and run some while you two keep watch; this hot fire is just the thing."

Suiting her actions to her words, first the big and then the little platters were melted and run in the molds, which were a part of the equipment of every settler in those times. These were followed in the same order by the plates, until but two remained on the hearth, the two men, meanwhile firing as often as a redskin showed himself. As day began to break Mr. Woodleigh bade his wife cease her work, as for some little time no sign of their foes had been discernible.

Mrs. Woodleigh was well nigh worn out with anxiety, and the frightened children were huddled together, having scarcely dared to breathe since that first wild yell aroused them.

Hope now revived as the daylight advanced. When the sun had risen, no sign of lurking savage being in sight, Mr. Woodleigh determined to go out and reconnoiter a little. Smith kept watch through the loophole which commanded the door, rifle in hand, while Mr. Woodleigh took down the barricade and opened the door, all being careful to keep well out of range, lest a shot come from some unseen source among the trees. Mr. Woodleigh then carefully pushed forward a stick arranged with a coat and hat to look like a half-hidden man peeping out; this was for the purpose of drawing the fire of the Indians, should any still remain in ambush. This dummy producing no effect, he went forth. It was a moment of intense anxiety for all, but no sound of shot or whoop of savage greeted his appearance. He soon found a trail, leading northward, indicating that the band had become frightened or discouraged and were returning toward Canada, whence they had come. He returned to the house, and, after all had partaken of a hurried breakfast, they started for the block house, Mr. Woodleigh leading, rifle in hand and one child upon his back.

Mrs. Woodleigh followed, with the baby in her arms; next to her came the two eldest children, one behind the other, while Smith guarded the rear, rifle in hand, and a sturdy little chap, four years old, on his back.

Upon their arrival at the block house, the news of the attack and massacre of Mr. Means and child and the capture of Miss Molly Finney, a few miles distant, during the preceding night, by another band of savages, probably a

part of the same band which had attacked them, was told.

In a few days it was found that the Indians had surely departed from that region, for a time, at least, and the settlers, who had taken refuge at the garrison, returned to their homes. Mrs. Woodleigh had but two plates left of her pewter dishes, which had been the pride of her heart, among her cherished household goods; one of these was melted at the side by the heat from the hot fire, when on the hearth that memorable night. But she never regretted their loss. And that is the story, a true one, of your Aunt Emma's pewter plate.—C. M. Reed, in Portland Transcript.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

Paper car wheels, made by pressure from rye straw, are usually in condition for a second set of steel tires after the first set is worn out by a run of 300,000 miles.

The average passenger haul on steam railways has increased from twenty-three to twenty-seven miles since electrical lines have been competing for suburban business.

The risk of gangrene from carbolic acid dressings is not generally appreciated by physicians, in the view of Dr. G. E. Shoemaker. Harm does not usually follow the applications, but one author has found recorded 132 cases of gangrene from dilute solutions of one to five per cent. applied for about twenty-four hours. The effect is usually produced without pain.

Among other destructive results of the storm which passed over Kansas City recently was the overthrow of two popular superstitions regarding lightning, namely, that it never strikes twice in the same place and that it is powerless against feathers, says the Kansas City Star. The spire of the First Congregational Church was struck by lightning for the second time within a week, and at 1421 Charlotte street the electrical current tackled a feather bed and scattered the contents all over the room.

The Japanese excel in the making of paper from the bark of trees and shrubs. Among the remarkable varieties, D. G. Fairchild mentions the thin rainproof paper used instead of glass for windows, the oiled papers, serving for coverings and clothing, and the oiled tissue for wrapping delicate articles. The bark paper, employed for meal and grain sacks, is not readily penetrated by weevils and other insects. Most interesting of all, perhaps, are the leather papers, from which tobacco pouches and pipe cases are made, these papers being almost as tough as French kid, translucent, and as soft and pliable as calfskin.

Spain's Blithe Young King.

There is a grave crisis in the history of Spanish etiquette. King Alfonso XII., who is described by a French journal as "very impulsive, and at the same time very 'sports,' " wishes to make a royal progress through his kingdom in an automobile. Horror of the Prime Minister! Such a vehicle, says he, is beneath the dignity of a monarch to whom the Constitution has intrusted the "sumptuous car of the State." The sumptuous car must not be driven by petrol. Horses are still harnessed to the chariot of the sun. But Spanish etiquette does not prevent the monarch from traveling by railway. Lady Currie tells a story of a young man who jumped into a compartment one day on an English train and started a conversation with an old lady who greatly admired his pleasant manners. When he was alighting she asked his name, and he answered, blithely, "Alfonso." It was Alfonso XII., then a cadet at Sandhurst. The anecdote will probably be read at Madrid with pain and incredulity.—London Chronicle.

The Pot and the Kettle.

A young woman who lives in a Southern State met recently another young woman whose home is in New England.

"What place do you come from?" inquired the New Englander with polite interest.

The Southerner answered that her native town was called "Horsehead," whereat her acquaintance went off into peals of merriment.

"And where do you come from?" asked the Southern girl.

"Oh," was the indifferent answer, "I come from Scitico-on-the-Scantic."—Harper's Weekly.

Fallacy of "Blue Blood."

The fact is that, as every observant medical practitioner sooner or later realizes, there is no great difference of the kind that theories of "birth" assume between one man and another. The basis of this fact, no doubt, is that the whole population of this country is so mixed and so connected by marriage that for any one individual to pride himself or herself on ancestry is a scientific absurdity.—General Practitioner.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

General Kuropatkin's salary is \$100,000 a year.

General Joseph Wheeler thinks of going to Manchuria as a spectator of the war.

Mr. Balfour, the English Premier, is quite a rich man, having an income of about \$350,000.

The King of Italy possesses a collection of postal stamps which is said to be worth \$500,000.

The Empress of Japan not only smokes, but uses a silver pipe with a stem ten inches long.

Lady Marjorie Bruce, after a visit to this country, says American men are the most kind and courteous in the world.

At one time King Peter of Serbia was a redhot Socialist. That was while he was living a comparatively obscure life in France.

Colonel W. F. Switzer, the veteran editor and Missouri historian, has just completed a list of the 114 counties of that State showing the origin of all their names.

Ex-Governor Alonzo Garcelon, of Maine, hale and hearty at ninety-one, has been traveling about to county fairs this fall and everywhere is received with marks of profound respect and affection.

Rev. Dr. John Watson (Ian MacIar-en), who has been minister of the Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, for more than twenty-five years, has announced his intended retirement from the ministry of that church next September.

Ex-Governor F. S. Black, of New York, having become convinced of the innocence of Caleb Powers, three times convicted and now under sentence of death for the assassination of Governor Goebel, will go to Kentucky to aid in the fight to save Powers.

Wireless System Extended.

According to the report of the bureau of equipment in the navy department, the wireless telegraph systems are being extended in the United States. There have been 58 stations established on land and water and the department expects that before long it will be able to signal the noon hour to ships at sea as well as stations on land. The average navigator, however, would not welcome such time announcements as much as information concerning the weather and the movements of other vessels. Long-distance stations have been established between Cuba, Porto Rico, and Panama, and one will soon be built on the new England coast. All this must be largely experimental, for the navy will never make much progress in wireless telegraphy until some agreement has been reached for a system uniform with that used by the army and in commercial work.

Sculptor Bartholdi had the luck to get his monument up long before he died.

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THEODORE'S BEST ENEMY.

"Oh, dear," sighed mother, "there comes Theodore's best enemy."

Aunt Marcia looked up from her crocheting.

"His best enemy!" in surprise. "I suppose you mean best friend."

Mother sighed another gentle sigh, this one a little longer than the other. "No; but I wish I did," she said, "he's such a dear little enemy."

"Why?" Aunt Marcia was looking out of the window—"It's—it must be the little boy Teddy told me about on the way up from the depot! He said he had a red sweater just like his own,

the gravel walk, lay a gritty-looking stick of candy.

"He bit cross my mark!"

"No, never!"

"Then he sucked cross it, so there; an' sucking is bad as biting!"

The hard pressed little enemy appealed to Aunt Marcia. "I never did anything 'cept suck my hair."

"I saw his tongue!"

"'Twasn't, either; it was his tongue he saw!"

"Huh, 's if I couldn't tell!"

"They look just 'actly alike, tongues do; it was his own tongue he saw, so!"

"Oh, wait!" exclaimed Aunt Marcia, laughing in spite of herself. "Come up here and sit on this step, both of you. I want to tell you something. Ready? Well, when two countries fight—disagree," correcting herself politely, "and can't decide whose tongue is across the enemy's line, they are obliged sometimes to settle the dispute by ar-

A NEW SPORT FOR GIRLS.

Girls hear their brothers talking about baseball teams, hockey and football teams and the like till it seems as if the "team" is the most important thing in the world, and that no individual game is half so much fun as one which will permit of "team work."

Of course some girls belong to basketball teams, but by far the greater number of them do not, for that sport requires suits and an especial place to play, such as a gymnasium. Still there is no reason why girls should not have teams, too, and there are a good many

other two girls take the same position, and at a word from the captain the team starts.

Unless the girls know the secret of it and start slowly, the team will not go very far. The girls will step on each other's heels and toes, bump against one another and mix things generally unless they start right. The secret of it is to keep step.

The captain raises her left foot as she gives the word to start, and as she brings it forward every other girl on the team does the same. In short, they



THE GIRLS' TEAM GETTING UNDER WAY.

things at which they might beat the boys if they formed teams and practiced hard.

Here is a new wrinkle in the way of girls' teams, and we predict that if a team of girls should practice half as hard as the boys do in their games they would beat a team of boys who had not practiced quite so much.

Five or even six girls can make the team, although four is the best number. The captain holds a short stick, say, two feet long, in both hands, knuckles up, bending her elbows back until a second stick just like the first can be run through the crooks of her elbows behind her back. The second girl grasps this second stick, one hand outside each of the captain's elbows. The

keep step perfectly, and as long as they do this there is nothing to prevent their going as fast as they like.

After a very little practice the team will be going at top speed, every bit as fast as the girls could run separately. Now is the time to challenge a team of boys to a race. Do not give them a chance to practice, but make them get right at it, and you will beat them so badly that they will not know where they are at.

Remember, the more you practice the faster you will be able to go, and if you do beat the boys you will show them that team work means something to girls, after all.—New York Evening Mail.

and I'm certain he said they were very intimate—yes, I remember his very word, "intimate!"

"They are," agreed mother. "They are very intimate—enemies! Wait and see for yourself. It does not usually take very long."

Aunt Marcia waited—and saw. It took a little less than five minutes. All at once the beautiful, sunshine peace of out of doors was spoiled by an angry voice—two angry voices.

"I didn't!"

"Yessir, you did!"

"Then, I'm a-going right home, so there!"

"I just as lives—just as liveser, so!"

"He won't go home," mother murmured, the sorry creases in her dear face that the angry voices always creased, "not any further than the gate. Then Theodore will call him back and they'll make up—and begin again."

"I see," nodded Aunt Marcia gravely. "I begin to understand. How long is there usually between?"

"Five, ten, fifteen minutes—or two minutes," mother said sorrowfully, "never more than fifteen."

It was a little less than nine minutes by the dainty watch at Aunt Marcia's belt. The voices this time went up, up, up. There they stayed and said fierce, threatening things as fast as they could say them. It was awful! Aunt Marcia shuddered!

"Something ought to be done," she exclaimed. "Why not try doughnuts?"

"I've tried those, and cookies—and peppermints. They relieve, but never cure. I am getting discouraged."

"Wait!" Aunt Marcia dropped her pretty lapful of wools and got up. "I think I have it—arbitration!" And she was gone, with a whirl of crisp skirts, out to the battlefield.

The two intimate little enemies were standing, red-faced and wrathful, glaring at each other. "Between them, on

bitration. Ar-bi-tra-tion. It's a long word, isn't it? But it simply means choosing another country that isn't 'intimate' with either of them to say which of them is right. Now, if you were two little countries—"

"Play we were! I'll be 'Merica."

"No, I want to be 'Merica!"

"America doesn't fl—quarrel," Aunt Marcia interposed gravely. "One of you can be—oh, Russia, and the other one—er—Japan. Then we'll get it!"—Aunt Marcia's eyes, seeking inspiration, lighted on the lordly old gobbler sauntering about the yard—"We'll get Turkey to arbitrate! He shall decide who shall have the candy! Do you both agree?"

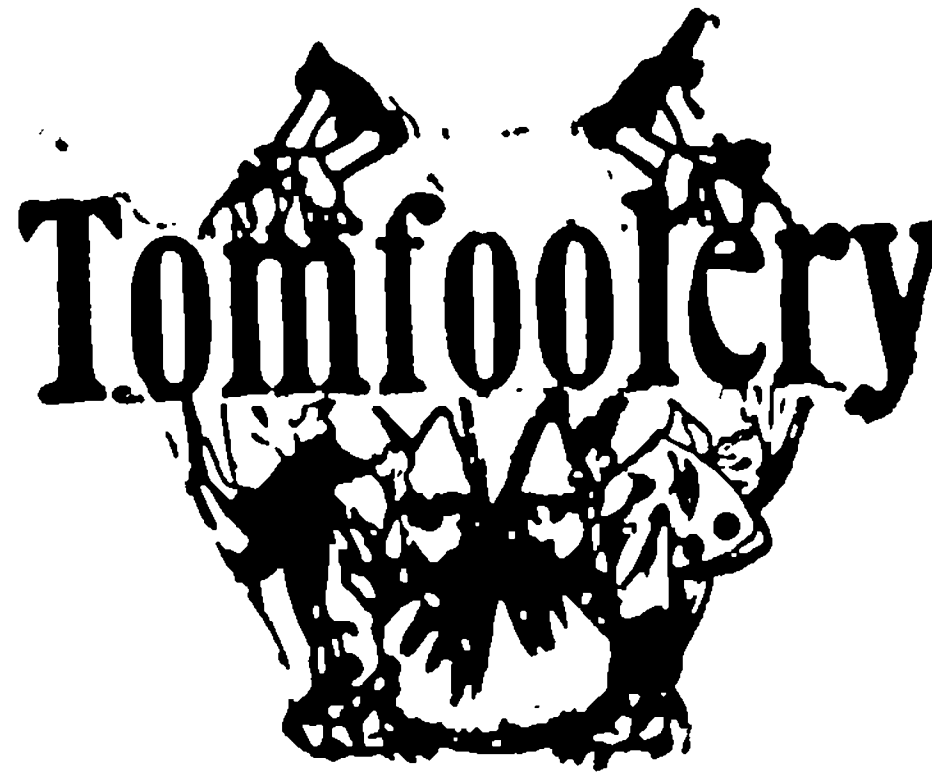
As if they would not agree to a play like that! The old gobbler was coaxed up, and the case—and the gritty stick of candy—placed before him. He eyed it sagely—seemed to be weighing the claims of both hostile countries—stooped lower and lower—and gobbled it up! Turkey had arbitrated!

There was an instant's astonished silence, and then a new sound floated into mother's ears—a nice, friendly, jolly sound. Theodore and his best enemy were laughing at the tops of their voices.

Aunt Marcia came back smiling. "It was quite successful," she said. "It's a pretty good way to settle disputes. Everybody's satisfied—even Turkey!"

"If it would only last," laughed mother. And, oddly enough, it did. All the rest of the afternoon the beautiful, sunshiny peace of out of doors was undisturbed. And Theodore's best enemy, when he went whistling home at night, looked for all the world like Theodore's best friend!—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in *Congregationalist*.

A tax on racing in England such as is proposed, viz., on the French basis, would produce \$10,000,000 a year.



Tomfoolery

TOO MUCH WORK NOWADAYS.

Mrs. Oldun—"There was a time, Thomas, when you used to chuck me under the chin sometimes. But you don't do it now."

Mr. Oldun—"Yes, my love, but you didn't have so many chins then."—London Tit-Bits.

NOT APPREHENSIVE.

"In a little while," said the man who is always agitated, "the railroads will be running the country."

"Well," said the easy-going citizen, "if the country were run as well as some of the railroads are, I wouldn't complain."—Washington Star.

SELF PROTECTION.

Higgins—"What do you mean by introducing me to that fellow? He got \$10 from me and I can't get it back."

Wixen—"Yes, I supposed likely. Fact is, that's why I introduced him to you. I might have been out \$10 myself, don't you see?"—Boston Transcript.

RARE CONSIDERATION.

"She is one of the most considerate girls I ever knew."

"What makes you think so?"

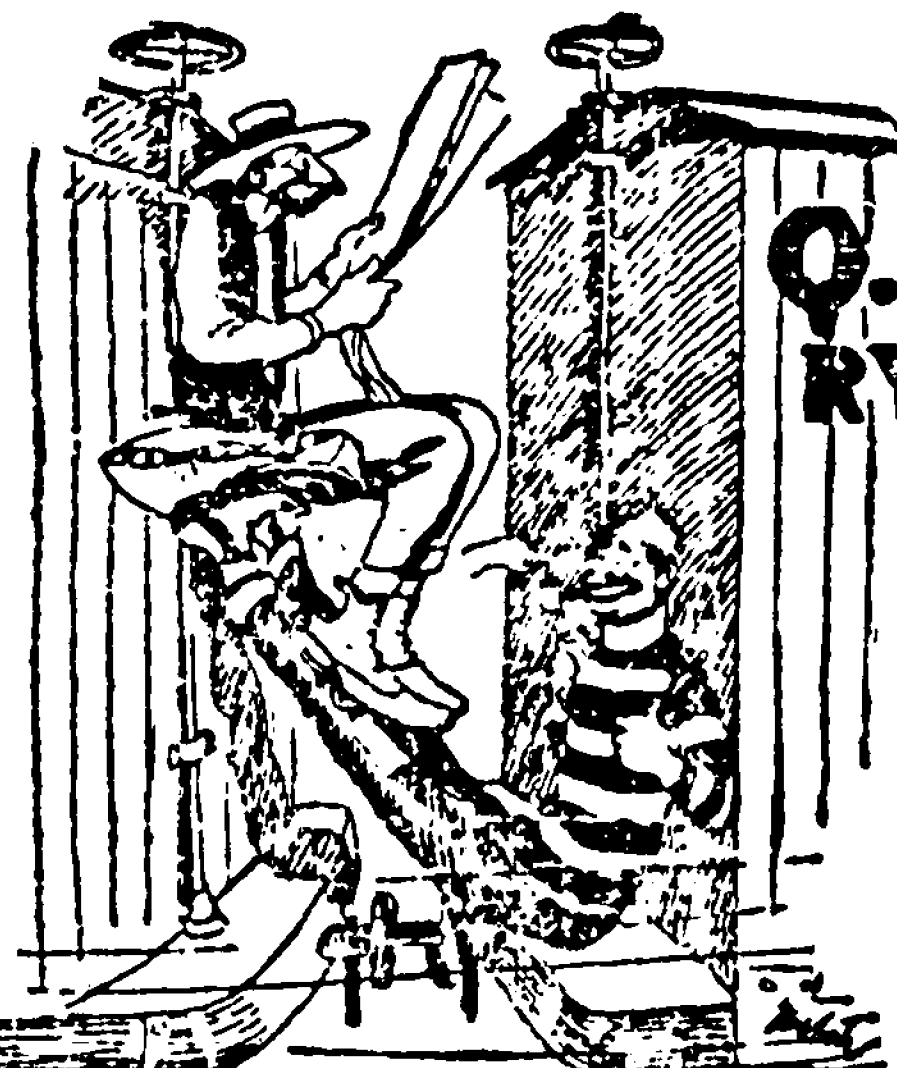
"Why, she wore one of those awfully big hats to the ball game, and when I asked her to take it off, she got right up and went home."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

Mrs. Wiggs—"Mrs. Newritch is always talking about her trip abroad, but I don't see that it improved her any."

Mrs. Biggs—"She thinks it did. She learned to say 'Paree for Paris, and addee for good-by.'"—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

GENERAL SATISFACTION.



Striped Simpson—"Hope yer don't mind de upper bert", Bill."

Wandering William—"Naw, youse kin keep de lower, pard, long as youse don't snore."—Boston Post.

ETIQUETTE OF THE BACKWOODS

"Bill—"

"What is it, Sue?"

"I'm goin' to tell you one thing—an' that is this: Ef you've got alry razor or gun on you, an' you cuttin' an' slashin' folks at the social, I won't go to the hangin' with you next Friday!"—Atlanta Constitution.

GOOD TITLE.

Poet—"The editor didn't pay the least attention to my last verses. Now, I have written a comic poem entitled 'The Alarm Clock.'"

Friend—"Do you think he will take any notice of it?"

Poet—"Oh, yes; it'll make him open his eyes."—Chicago News.

ONE OF THIN GLASS.

Teacher—"You never heard of an English king wearing a monocle, did you?"

Pupil—"There is one instance. I refer to Richard III."

Teacher—"Richard III?"

Pupil—"Yes, Richard with three I's."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

Horton—"The minister says we should try to appear as well on week days as on the Sabbath."

Norton—"No? That accounts for Sam Jennings wearing his Sunday clothes every day in the week! I supposed it was because he was in love with some girl."—Boston Transcript.

LOOKS IMPOSSIBLE.

Calvert, Jr.—"I notice the United States Government has made a very serious mistake."

Balty Moore—"What's that?"

Calvert, Jr.—"They've launched a cruiser named Milwaukee."

Balty Moore—"Well, where's the mistake in that?"

Calvert, Jr.—"Well, can you conceive of anything named Milwaukee existing on water?"—Baltimore American.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

Some Reminders of What Not to Do As Well As to Do.

1. Never to stick pins into butterflies and other insects, unless you would like to have somebody stick pins into you.

2. Never to carry poultry with their heads hanging down, unless you would like to be carried in the same way.

3. Never to throw stones at those harmless creatures, the frogs, unless you would like to have stones thrown at you in the same way.

4. That almost all snakes are harmless and useful.

5. That it is very cruel to keep fish in glass globes, slowly dying.

6. That it is cruel to keep twitching the reins while driving.

7. That when your horse is put in a strange stable you should always be sure that he is properly fed and watered.

8. That you should never ride after a poor-looking horse when you can help it. Always look at the horse, and refuse to ride after a poor-looking one, of a horse whose head is tied by a tight check-rein.

9. That you should always talk kindly to every dumb creature.

10. That you should always treat every dumb creature as you would like to be treated yourself if you were in the creature's place.—Angell's Lessons on Kindness to Animals.

Life Worth Living Now.

The hustling borough of Belleville is not asleep. A new water line is the latest improvement. Belleville is now ready to receive congratulations on this added improvement. Think of the difference between drinking pure, sparkling, soft water and filthy well or stale cistern water; think of the difference between having the water always at hand, ready to come forth at a turn of the spigot, and walking a block or two to wear out your neighbor's pump; think of the difference between having your wife lay awake at night in order that she may rout you out at two minutes past 3 o'clock on Monday morning to carry wash water from your neighbor's pump, and the pleasure of snoozing on until daylight while your thrifty better half lets the water run into those once hated tubs; think of the pleasure it gives you to know that your town is rapidly moving onward and keeping up with the outside world; truly, Belleville deserves congratulation.—Belleville (Pa.) Times.

Pleased His Caller.

Yesterday evening, as the shadows had begun to lengthen and indicate the close of another day, a woman, driving a prancing steed hitched to a rubber-tired buggy, came to our office. "I am Mrs. J. B. Snodgrass," she said, "and I notice that you said in your paper that I was posing as a clairvoyant." "Don't remember just what was said," we replied. Picking up the paper, the woman of fast horses and pretty hounds pointed out the article that had made her angry. We had to own up to the corn. "I want you to understand that my husband is a drummer running out of Wichita. He supports me, and I do not have to be a clairvoyant to earn a living. The Chanute papers have lied about me repeatedly. I have ridden astride all my life, and I intend to do so in the future. As for my hounds, I will say that I have had as many as fifteen at one time, and, furthermore, I race them, and I also race horses. I am a great woman for out-of-door sports." We told her we thought she drove a nice horse, and she seemed pleased and went away.—Coffeyville (Kan.) Record.

Rules in Regard to Eating.

Eat slowly, but not indifferently as if the food was not relished.

Do not put the knife to the mouth; it is made to cut with.

Keep your elbows off the table, and do not sprawl upon the table as if resting. Rest before you eat.

Do not pour your tea or coffee into the saucer; sip it from the cup or spoon.

Do not fold your napkin unless you are to occupy the same place for another meal.

Do not dip into a dish with your knife, fork or spoon. If the dish is not provided with either fork or spoon, ask for one.

If care is taken at home to observe these rules, there need be no restraint or embarrassment when dining with others.—Farmer's Guide.

As They Do at Kobos.

"They understand a lot about politics in the Kobos Islands," said the sea captain as he came ashore. "I got there just after a campaign. The new king was real happy on the throne."

"Where's the defeated candidate?" I asked of him.

"He's been eaten," says the king. "We always eat 'em here in enlightened Kobos. Then, you see, they can't use all the space in the kingdom's newspapers in explainin' why the election went against 'em, and for criticism' of the winner for askin' a white man to eat dinner with him at the Black House."

"The Black House," the new king added, "is the executive mansion here in Kobos."—Puck.

ANOTHER LIFE SAVED.

Mrs. G. W. Fooks, of Salisbury, Md., wife of G. W. Fooks, Sheriff of Wicomico County,



says: "I suffered with kidney complaint for eight years. It came on me gradually. I felt tired and weak, was short of breath and was troubled with bloating after eating, and my limbs were badly swollen. One doctor told me it would finally turn to Bright's disease. I was laid up at one time for three weeks. I had not taken Doan's Kidney Pills more than three days when the distressing aching across my back disappeared, and I was soon entirely cured."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

New Way to Preserve Food.

An ingenious method of preserving food has recently been devised which is based on the fact that powdered gelatin, or thin sheets of the same material, not only do not spoil, but are capable of protecting incorporated substances from bacteria, moisture and other agencies which bring about decomposition. Thus to make a concentrated beef extract, tea or coffee extract, soup, etc., the liquid is mixed hot with one per cent. of primary gelatin, which differs from the commercial article in not having the glue-like taste of the latter.

After cooling a jelly is formed and this is cut into thin films and dried by a current of cold air until it becomes brittle. When this condition is reached the sheets are then reduced to a fine powder, which will keep indefinitely. While it will absorb moisture it does not do so to a degree to occasion decomposition, and the moisture is subsequently given off in dry air. The powder, while likely to cake, forms a brittle cake, not interfering with its use, while it is too hard for insects. When placed in warm water it dissolves immediately, and is thus ready for use. If heated above the temperature of boiling water before packing all disease or other germs will be killed and to secure the best results the powder should be packed airtight. Such a concentrated food possesses many advantages and is susceptible of wide applications, as upon exploration.

The Grunting Ox.

One of the largest of the mammalia of Tibet is the yak, or grunting ox. Standing between five and six feet high at the shoulders, the bulk of this strange looking creature is not a little exaggerated by the enormous growth of hair upon the lower part of the body and tail. Beneath the outer coat, moreover, there is a layer of wool known as "pushim," which is highly prized for the making of cloth.

TILL NOON.

The Simple Dish That Keeps One Vigorous and Well Fed.

When the doctor takes his own medicine and the grocer eats the food he recommends some confidence comes to the observer.

A grocer, of Ossian, Ind., had a practical experience with food worth anyone's attention.

He says: "Six years ago I became so weak from stomach and bowel trouble that I was finally compelled to give up all work in my store, and, in fact, all sorts of work for about four years. The last year I was confined to the bed nearly all of the time, and much of the time unable to retain food of any sort on my stomach. My bowels were badly constipated continually, and I lost in weight from 105 pounds down to 88 pounds."

"When at the bottom of the ladder I changed treatment entirely and started in on Grape-Nuts and cream for nourishment. I used absolutely nothing but this for about three months. I slowly improved until I got out of bed and began to move about."

"I have been improving regularly and now in the past two years have been working about fifteen hours a day in the store and never felt better in my life."

"During these two years I have never missed a breakfast of Grape-Nuts and cream, and often have it two meals a day, but the entire breakfast is always made of Grape-Nuts and cream alone."

"Since commencing the use of Grape-Nuts I have never used anything to stimulate the action of the bowels, a thing I had to do for years, but this food keeps me regular and in fine shape, and I am growing stronger and heavier every day."

"My customers, naturally, have been interested and I am compelled to answer a great many questions about Grape-Nuts."

"Some people would think that a simple dish of Grape-Nuts and cream would not carry one through to the noonday meal, but it will and in the most vigorous fashion."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."



THEODORE'S BEST ENEMY.

"Oh, dear," sighed mother, "there comes Theodore's best enemy."

Aunt Marcia looked up from her crocheting.

"His best enemy?" in surprise. "I suppose you mean best friend."

Mother sighed another gentle sigh, this one a little longer than the other. "No; but I wish I did," she said, "he's such a dear little enemy."

"Why?" Aunt Marcia was looking out of the window—"it's—it must be—the little boy Teddy told me about on the way up from the depot! He said he had a red sweater just like his own,

A NEW SPORT FOR GIRLS.

Girls hear their brothers talking about baseball teams, hockey and football teams and the like till it seems as if the "team" is the most important thing in the world, and that no individual game is half so much fun as one which will permit of "team work."

Of course some girls belong to basketball teams, but by far the greater number of them do not, for that sport requires suits and an especial place to play, such as a gymnasium. Still there is no reason why girls should not have teams, too, and there are a good many

the gravel walk, lay a gritty-looking stick of candy.

"He bit cross my mark!"

"No, never!"

"Then he sucked cross it, so there; an' sucking is bad as biting!"

The hard pressed little enemy appealed to Aunt Marcia. "I never did an' thing 'cept suck my hali."

"I saw his tongue!"

"'Twasn't, either; it was his tongue he saw!"

"Huh, 's if I couldn't tell!"

"They look just 'actly alike, tongues do; it was his own tongue he saw, so!"

"Oh, wait!" exclaimed Aunt Marcia, laughing in spite of herself. "Come up here and sit on this step, both of you. I want to tell you something. Ready? Well, when two countries fight—disagree," correcting herself politely, "and can't decide whose tongue is across the enemy's line, they are obliged sometimes to settle the dispute by ar

other two girls take the same position, and at a word from the captain the team starts.

Unless the girls know the secret of it and start slowly, the team will not go very far. The girls will step on each other's heels and toes, bump against one another and mix things generally unless they start right. The secret of it is to keep step.

The captain raises her left foot as she gives the word to start, and as she brings it forward every other girl on the team does the same. In short, they



THE GIRLS' TEAM GETTING UNDER WAY.

things at which they might beat the boys if they formed teams and practiced hard.

Here is a new wrinkle in the way of girls' teams, and we predict that if a team of girls should practice half as hard as the boys do in their games they would beat a team of boys who had not practiced quite so much.

Five or even six girls can make the team, although four is the best number. The captain holds a short stick, say, two feet long, in both hands, knuckles up, bending her elbows back until a second stick just like the first can be run through the crooks of her elbows behind her back. The second girl grasps this second stick, one hand outside each of the captain's elbows. The

keep step perfectly, and as long as they do this there is nothing to prevent their going as fast as they like.

After a very little practice the team will be going at top speed, every bit as fast as the girls could run separately. Now is the time to challenge a team of boys to a race. Do not give them a chance to practice, but make them get right at it, and you will beat them so badly that they will not know where they are at.

Remember, the more you practice the faster you will be able to go, and if you do beat the boys you will show them that team work means something to girls, after all.—New York Evening Mail.

and I'm certain he said they were very intimate—yes, I remember his very word, "intimate!"

"They are," agreed mother. "They are very intimate—enemies! Wait and see for yourself. It does not usually take very long."

Aunt Marcia waited—and saw. It took a little less than five minutes. All at once the beautiful, sunshine peace of out of doors was spoiled by an angry voice—two angry voices.

"I didn't!"

"Yessir, you did!"

"Then, I'm a-going right home, so there!"

"I just as lives—just as liveser, so!"

"He won't go home," mother murmured, the sorry creases in her dear face that the angry voices always creased, "not any further than the gate. Then Theodore will call him back and they'll make up—and begin again."

"I see," nodded Aunt Marcia gravely. "I begin to understand. How long is there usually between?"

"Five, ten, fifteen minutes—or two minutes," mother said sorrowfully, "never more than fifteen."

It was a little less than nine minutes by the dainty watch at Aunt Marcia's belt. The voices this time went up, up, up. There they stayed and said fierce, threatening things as fast as they could say them. It was awful! Aunt Marcia shuddered!

"Something ought to be done," she exclaimed. "Why not try doughnuts?"

"I've tried those, and cookies—and peppermints. They relieve, but never cure. I am getting discouraged."

"Wait!" Aunt Marcia dropped her pretty lapful of wools and got up. "I think I have it—arbitration!" And she was gone, with a whirl of crisp skirts, out to the battlefield.

The two intimate little enemies were standing, red-faced and wrathful, glaring at each other. Between them, on

bitration. Ar-bi-tration. It's a long word, isn't it? But it simply means choosing another country that isn't 'intimate' with either of them to say which of them is right. Now, if you were two little countries—

"Play we were! I'll be 'Merica!"

"No, I want to be 'Merica!"

"America doesn't a-quarrel," Aunt Marcia interposed gravely. "One of you can be—oh, Russia, and the other one—er—Japan. Then we'll get—we'll get!"—Aunt Marcia's eyes, seeking inspiration, lighted on the lordly old gobbler sauntering about the yard—"we'll get Turkey to arbitrate! He shall decide who shall have the candy! Do you both agree?"

As if they would not agree to a play like that! The old gobbler was coaxed up, and the case—and the gritty stick of candy—placed before him. He eyed it sagely—seemed to be weighing the claims of both hostile countries—stooped lower and lower—and gobbled it up! Turkey had arbitrated!

There was an instant's astonished silence, and then a new sound floated into mother's ears—a nice, friendly, jolly sound. Theodore and his best enemy were laughing at the tops of their voices.

Aunt Marcia came back smiling. "It was quite successful," she said. "It's a pretty good way to settle disputes. Everybody's satisfied—even Turkey!"

"If it would only last," laughed mother. And, oddly enough, it did. All the rest of the afternoon the beautiful, sunshiny peace of out of doors was undisturbed. And Theodore's best enemy, when he went whistling home at night, looked for all the world like Theodore's best friend!—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in *Congregationalist*.

A tax on racing in England such as is proposed, viz., on the French basis, would produce \$10,000,000 a year.



TOMFOOLERY.

TOO MUCH WORK NOWADAYS.

Mrs. Oldun—"There was a time, Thomas, when you used to chuck me under the chin sometimes. But you don't do it now."

Mr. Oldun—"Yes, my love, but you didn't have so many chins then."—London Tit-Bits.

NOT APPREHENSIVE.

"In a little while," said the man who is always agitated, "the railroads will be running the country."

"Well," said the easy-going citizen, "if the country were run as well as some of the railroads are, I wouldn't complain."—Washington Star.

SELF PROTECTION.

Higgins—"What do you mean by introducing me to that fellow? He got \$10 from me and I can't get it back."

Wixen—"Yes, I supposed likely. Fact is, that's why I introduced him to you. I might have been out \$10 myself, don't you see?"—Boston Transcript.

RARE CONSIDERATION.

"She is one of the most considerate girls I ever knew."

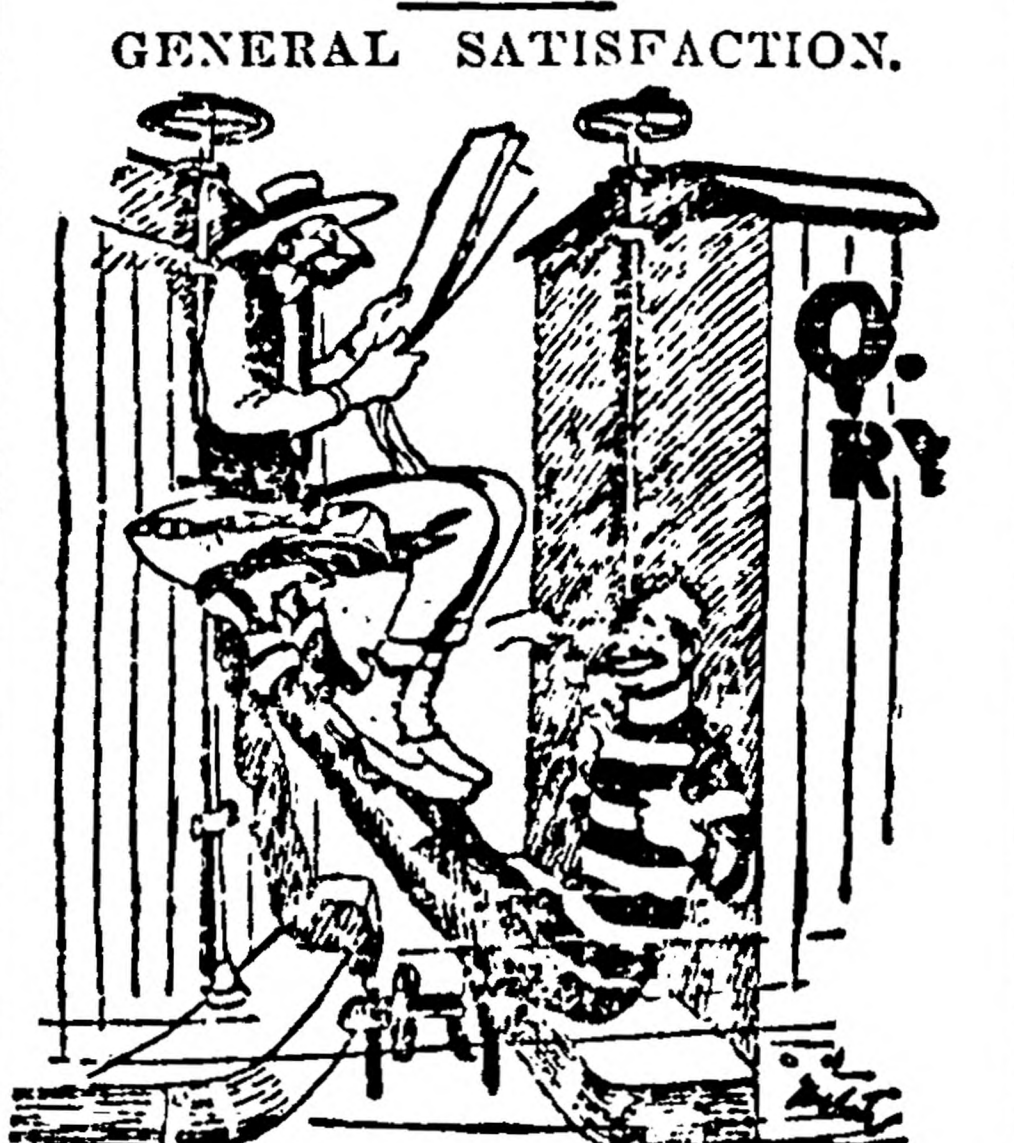
"What makes you think so?"

"Why, she wore one of those awfully big hats to the ball game, and when I asked her to take it off, she got right up and went home."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

Mrs. Wiggs—"Mrs. Newritch is always talking about her trip abroad, but I don't see that it improved her any."

Mrs. Biggs—"She thinks it did. She learned to say Parree for Paris, and adoo for good-by."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.



GENERAL SATISFACTION.

Striped Simpson—"Hope yer don't mind de upper bert, Bill."

Wandering William—"Naw, youse kin keep de lower, pard, long as youse don't snore."—Boston Post.

ETIQUETTE OF THE BACKWOODS.

"Bill—"

"What is it, Sue?"

"I'm goin' to tell you one thing—an' that is this: Ef you've got air razor or gun on you, an' go cuttin' an' slashin' folks at the social, I won't go to the hangin' with you next Friday!"—Atlanta Constitution.

GOOD TITLE.

Poet—"The editor didn't pay the least attention to my last verses. Now, I have written a comic poem entitled 'The Alarm Clock.'"

Friend—"Do you think he will take any notice of it?"

Poet—"Oh, yes; it'll make him open his eyes."—Chicago News.

ONE OF THIN GLASS.

Teacher—"You never heard of an English king wearing a monocle, did you?"

Pupil—"There is one instance. I refer to Richard III."

Teacher—"Richard III.?"

Pupil—"Yes, Richard with three I's."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

Horton—"The minister says we should try to appear as well on week days as on the Sabbath."

Norton—"No? That accounts for Sam Jennings wearing his Sunday clothes every day in the week! I suppose it was because he was in love with some girl."—Boston Transcript.

LOOKS IMPOSSIBLE.

Calvert, Jr.—"I notice the United States Government has made a very serious mistake."

Balty Moore—"What's that?"

Calvert, Jr.—"They've launched a cruiser named Milwaukee."

Balty Moore—"Well, where's the mistake in that?"

Calvert, Jr.—"Well, can you conceive of anything named Milwaukee existing on water?"—Baltimore American.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

- Some Reminders of What Not to Do As Well As to Do.
1. Never to stick pins into butterdies and other insects, unless you would like to have somebody stick pins into you.
 2. Never to carry poultry with their heads hanging down, unless you would like to be carried in the same way.
 3. Never to throw stones at those harmless creatures, the frogs, unless you would like to have stones thrown at you in the same way.
 4. That almost all snakes are harmless and useful.
 5. That it is very cruel to keep fish in glass globes, slowly dying.
 6. That it is cruel to keep twitching the reins while driving.
 7. That when your horse is put in a strange stable you should always be sure that he is properly fed and watered.
 8. That you should never ride after a poor-looking horse when you can help it. Always look at the horse, and refuse to ride after a poor-looking one, of a horse whose head is tied by a tight check-rein.
 9. That you should always talk kindly to every dumb creature.
 10. That you should always treat every dumb creature as you would like to be treated yourself if you were in the creature's place.—Angell's Lessons on Kindness to Animals.

Life Worth Living Now.

The hustling borough of Belleville is not asleep. A new water line is the latest improvement. Belleville is now ready to receive congratulations on this added improvement. Think of the difference between drinking pure, sparkling, soft water and filthy well or stale cistern water; think of the difference between having the water always at hand, ready to come forth at a turn of the spigot, and walking a block or two to wear out your neighbor's pump; think of the difference between having your wife lay awake at night in order that she may rout you out at two minutes past 3 o'clock on Monday morning to carry wash water from your neighbor's pump, and the pleasure of snoozing on until daylight while your thrifty better half lets the water run into those once hated tubs; think of the pleasure it gives you to know that your town is rapidly moving onward and keeping up with the outside world; truly, Belleville deserves congratulation.—Belleville (Pa.) Times.

Pleased His Caller.

Yesterday evening, as the shadows had begun to lengthen and indicate the close of another day, a woman, driving a prancing steed hitched to a rubber-tired buggy, came to our office. "I am Mrs. J. B. Snodgrass," she said, "and I notice that you said in your paper that I was posing as a clairvoyant." "Don't remember just what was said," we replied. Picking up the paper, the woman of fast horses and pretty bounds pointed out the article that had made her angry. We had to own up to the corn. "I want you to understand that my husband is a drummer running out of Wichita. He supports me, and I do not have to be a clairvoyant to earn a living. The Chautau papers have lied about me repeatedly. I have ridden astride all my life, and I intend to do so in the future. As for my hounds, I will say that I have had as many as fifteen at one time, and, furthermore, I race them, and I also race horses. I am a great woman for out-of-door sports." We told her we thought she drove a nice horse, and she seemed pleased and went away.—Coffeyville (Kan.) Record.

Rules in Regard to Eating.

Eat slowly, but not indifferently as if the food was not relished.

Do not put the knife to the mouth; it is made to cut with.

Keep your elbows off the table, and do not sprawl upon the table as if resting. Rest before you eat.

Do not pour your tea or coffee into the saucer; sip it from the cup or spoon.

Do not fold your napkin unless you are to occupy the same place for another meal.

Do not dip into a dish with your knife, fork or spoon. If the dish is not provided with either fork or spoon, ask for one.

If care is taken at home to observe these rules, there need be no restraint or embarrassment when dining with others.—Farmer's Guide.

As They Do at Kobos.

"They understand a lot about politics in the Kobos Islands," said the sea captain as he came ashore. "I got there just after a campaign. The new king was real happy on the throne."

"Where's the defeated candidate?" I asked of him.

"He's been eaten," says the king. "We always eat 'em here in enlightened Kobos. Then, you see, they can't use all the space in the kingdom's newspapers in explainin' why the election went against 'em, and for criticism of the winner for askin' a white man to eat dinner with him at the Black House."

"The Black House," the new king added, "is the executive mansion here in Kobos."—Puck.

ANOTHER LIFE SAVED.

Mrs. G. W. Fooks, of Salisbury, Md., wife of G. W. Fooks, Sheriff of Wicomico County, says: "I suffered with kidney complaint for eight years. It came on me gradually. I felt tired and weak, was short of breath and was troubled with bloating after eating, and my limbs were badly swollen. One doctor told me it would finally turn to Bright's disease. I was laid up at one time for three weeks. I had not taken Doan's Kidney Pills more than three days when the distressing aching across my back disappeared, and I was soon entirely cured."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

New Way to Preserve Food.

An ingenious method of preserving food has recently been devised which is based on the fact that powdered gelatin, or thin sheets of the same material, not only do not spoil, but are capable of protecting incorporated substances from bacteria, moisture and other agencies which bring about decomposition. Thus to make a concentrated beef extract, tea or coffee extract, soup, etc., the liquid is mixed hot with one per cent. of primary gelatin, which differs from the commercial article in not having the glue-like taste of the latter.

After cooling a jelly is formed and this is cut into thin films and dried by a current of cold air until it becomes brittle. When this condition is reached the sheets are then reduced to a fine powder, which will keep indefinitely. While it will absorb moisture it does not do so to a degree to occasion decomposition, and the moisture is subsequently given off in dry air. The powder, while likely to cake, forms a brittle cake, not interfering with its use, while it is too hard for insects. When placed in warm water it dissolves immediately, and is thus ready for use. If heated above the temperature of boiling water before packing all disease or other germs will be killed and to secure the best results the powder should be packed air-tight. Such a concentrated food possesses many advantages and is susceptible of wide applications, as upon explorations

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Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

New Oxford Item

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

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TERMS.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at reasonable rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.

FOR PRINTING of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1904.

Forgery at York Springs.

Harry Linn, superintendent of the batteries of the American Coke and Gas Construction company, has paid a visit to his friend H. F. Smith, at York Springs. While there he played a mean trick on Mr. Smith and now Mr. S. is looking for him.

Linn received a check which bore the name of Mr. Smith cash that is a forgery, a presumably by Linn.

The check was signed by Mr. Linn's father and was for the amount of \$285.70. Mr. Smith thought the check was all right and at once endorsed it. He was told that it would be a great favor to Linn, as he was badly in need of the money. This was probably true.

On Friday evening Linn went to Gettysburg, saying that he was going on a visit to friends in Hanover, but would return later. Linn did not go to Hanover, but took the train for Harrisburg. Since he arrived in Harrisburg nothing has been heard of him.

Mr. Linn is a man of good appearance and one in whom people would readily place confidence. He is said to be a cousin of Mr. Smith and spent several days in the family of Mr. Smith while in York Springs.

On Tuesday Mr. Smith went to Harrisburg and placed the matter in the hands of a detective. No clue has yet been found as to his whereabouts, but it is expected that he will be located in a few days.

Adams Countian Killed.

A telegram was received at Gettysburg Tuesday by Charles A. Beck announcing the accidental death that morning of Andrew Wisler, a freight conductor on the Panhandle Railroad between Dennison and Columbus, Ohio.

The deceased left Adams county about 25 years ago but has visited here frequently since, being East about a year ago. He was born along the Chambersburg pike 2 1/2 miles West of Gettysburg. His wife was Annie Mackley, whose home was near Gettysburg. She, with two sons, Samuel and Grover, survive.

Alms House Appointments.

The following re-appointments were made by the Directors of the Poor: Samuel E. Waltman, Steward; Mrs. Waltman, Matron; Wm. Hersh, Esq., Attorney; Dr. J. R. Dickson, Physician; J. T. Hartzell, Clerk; Elmer E. Slaybaugh, Treasurer. Vincent Eckenrode was appointed in place of Elmer Kepner, Keeper of Old Men's Department, with his wife as assistant. John McIlhenny was appointed First Teamster, and his wife Keeper of the Old Women's Department. Miss Martha Horner was continued as Seamstress. Oliver Bushey and wife, who had been day nurses, were made night nurses in the Insane Department, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Slonaker newly appointed day attendants.

Millions for Good Roads.

Senator Latimer, of the committee on agriculture and forestry, on Wednesday, in the Senate at Washington, reported favorably the bill known as the "Latimer Good Roads" bill. It carries an appropriation of \$24,000,000, to be available in three annual installments of \$8,000,000, for road building in the States. Under the provisions of the bill, the States are to do the work of construction and pay one-half the cost, the national government paying the other half.

The Vest Pocket Ballot.

Whatever the action on personal registration in the coming session of the Pennsylvania Legislature, a considerable element of the Republican membership will try to persuade the leaders to assent to the substitution of the old "vest pocket ballot," with a new "official envelope." Should the Supreme Court, in its forthcoming opinion, declare unconstitutional the "party square," the leaders are likely to agree to the "vest pocket" plan, and they may do so anyway.

Henry Hafer, a distant relative of W. W. Hafer, of Abbotstown, is living in Reading and has reached the great age of 95 years, has never been sick in his life and can be seen almost daily walking the streets of Reading.

Have your Job Printing done at the Free office. Prices the lowest.

Terrible Story.—He Kills His Wife and Then Himself.

Mr. Edward Aumen, of Littlestown, received a special-delivery letter from a relative in Ohio. It contains the sad news of a double tragedy committed last Sunday morning. The letter is from Mrs. J. Einglefinger, of 36 Abram St., Dayton, Ohio, and reads as follows:

Dayton, O., Dec. 3, '04.

Dear Sir:

We very much regret to announce the sad news of a double tragedy—a murder and suicide—that of Mr. Charles Fraver and wife, Henrietta, which occurred this morning by my father shooting mother and then turning the deadly weapon upon himself and both hurled into eternity.

The cause, so far as we can learn, was because mother and Bertha decided to go off on a visit for two weeks among relatives. They had expected to go to-morrow morning. Father seemed to have opposed the visit though he did not forbid it. We were desirous that father during the absence of mother and sister, should pass the time between us children, but he declined the invitation stating that "he had his place picked out."

Little did we dream of the terrible act he was evidently then contemplating, for we had always done all possible for both to make them happy and comfortable.

Father's actions yesterday were not unusual—not out of the ordinary, and no one had any idea of such a thing occurring to throw such darkness and gloom upon the family. It is a mystery where he got the revolver. It must have been his plan for some time, though there are no known reasons for his act.

Mrs. J. Einglefinger.

Chas. Fraver was formerly of near Silver Run. He married Henrietta Garrich, of Germany township, some 35 years ago, and moved West about 32 years ago. Mrs. Fraver is survived by three sons and three daughters.—Independent.

Millard M. Tawney, of Gettysburg, plead guilty Tuesday before the United States District Court at Harrisburg, to the charges of taking \$10 from the money Order Department of the Gettysburg Post-office and abstracting letters from the U. S. Mails. He was sentenced to pay one dollar fine, the costs of prosecution and undergo an imprisonment of one year in the Dauphin county jail.

The grand jury ignored the bill charging Dr. E. D. Hudson, of Fairfield, with using the mail to defraud a Philadelphia firm. It is alleged that the doctor ordered some stereopticon views from the plaintiffs and when he received them removed the new ones placing old ones in their place and sending the package back to the firm with the announcement that they were no good.

The condemnation proceedings for the taking of ground in Cumberland township for a National park was taken up on morning. The case was decided in favor of the plaintiff. The company was awarded \$225 for first tract; \$400 for second tract; \$3,000 for third tract, and \$400 for fourth tract.

Burton, a young son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Witherow, of Cumberland township, met with a painful accident one day last week. The little fellow was climbing over a gate when it fell on him breaking his one leg between the knee and the hip.

My Breath.

Shortness of Breath Is One of the Commonest Signs of Heart Disease.

Notwithstanding what many physicians say, heart disease can be cured.

Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure has permanently restored to health many thousands who had found no relief in the medicines (allopathic or homoeopathic) of regular practicing physicians. It has proved itself unique in the history of medicine, by being so uniformly successful in curing those diseases.

Nearly always, one of the first signs of trouble is shortness of breath. Whether it comes as a result of walking or running up stairs, or of other exercises, if the heart is unable to meet this extra demand upon its pumping powers—there is something wrong with it.

The very best thing you can do, is to take Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure. It will go to the foundation of the trouble, and make a permanent cure by strengthening and renewing the nerves. "I know that Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is a great remedy. For a number of years I suffered from shortness of breath, smothering spells, and pains in my left side. For months at a time I was unable to lie on my left side, and if I lay flat on my back would nearly smother. A friend advised using Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, which I did with good results. I began to improve at once, and after taking several bottles of the Heart Cure the pains in my side and other symptoms vanished. I am now entirely well. All those dreadful smothering spells are a thing of the past."—J. P. LRAKE, Middletown, O.

If the first bottle does not help you, the druggist will refund your money.

Write to us for Free Trial Package of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, the New Scientific Remedy for Pain. Also Symptom Book. Our Specialist will diagnose your case, tell you what is wrong, and how to cure it. Address: DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., ELKHART, IND.

WHAT AILS YOU

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW
the U. S. mail will bring you the best medical advice for only the cost of writing materials and stamps.



Many people owe their present good health to the fact that they consulted Dr. Pierce by letter, giving him all possible information about their condition, symptoms, etc., and received in return good medical advice which cost them nothing. Write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, founder of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce by no means confines himself to prescribing his well-known medicines. He tells you in the most common-sense way what ails you, what you ought to do, what line of treatment should be followed out in your particular case, and if your case does not indicate the need for this proprietary medicine, he tells you plainly and frankly what you do need, and the best possible method of improving your health. Dr. Pierce treats many chronic cases at a distance, through the mail and all you have to do is to write him your symptoms.

"During my two years of married life I have not had good health," writes Mrs. Daisy Studdard, of 608 S. Esplanade Avenue, Leavenworth, Kans. "I was all run-down, and my husband got me to write to Dr. Pierce. I got an early reply telling me what the trouble was. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and also his Pleasant Pellets, and now can say that I feel like a new woman. I do all my work and do not feel tired out like I used to. I have taken eight bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription.' It makes one feel well and strong." Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure dizziness and sick headache.

A small wreck occurred on the Northern Central railroad near Littlestown on Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock. It was caused by a loose linch pin. One car load of corn was thrown across the track and the corn was scattered in all directions. Two other cars heavily loaded were derailed.

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A COSTLY MISTAKE.—Blunders are sometimes very expensive. Occasionally life itself is the price of a mistake, but you'll never be wrong if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills for Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Headache, Liver or Bowel troubles. They are gentle yet thorough. 25c, at Wehler's drug store.

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Ladies' Black Mercerized Petticoats at 40c; well worth 60c. THE WENTZ CO., 33 Balto. St., Hanover.

A 4-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Edelbrute, residing near Rossville, in Warrington township, York county, was instantly killed Dec. 8. The child played with a shotgun standing in a corner of the room, while the parents were out of the house; the gun exploded, and the load of shot entered beneath her chin and came out at the back of the head.

REVOLUTION IMMINENT.—A sure sign of approaching revolt and serious trouble in your system is nervousness, sleeplessness, or stomach upsets. Electric Bitters will quickly dismember the troublesome causes. It never fails to tone the stomach, regulate the kidneys and bowels, stimulate the liver, and clarify the blood. Run down systems benefit particularly and all the usual attending ouches vanish under its searching and thorough effectiveness. Electric Bitters is only 50c, and that is returned if it don't give perfect satisfaction. Guaranteed by Randolph Wehler druggist.

ELECTION NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Stockholders of the FARMERS & MERCHANTS BANK of New Oxford, Pa., that the annual election for Eleven Directors to serve the ensuing year will be held at the Banking House on MONDAY, JANUARY 24th, 1905, between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock, p. m.

JAS. W. BARNITZ, Cashier.

DR. J. L. SHEETZ;

Physician and Surgeon,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

Calls answered night or day within a radius of three miles.

DR. S. G. COONS,

Physician and Surgeon,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE ON PITT STREET, NEAR W. M. DEPOT.

Barber Shop Removed.

GEO. F. RABINE has removed his Barber Shop from the Eagle Hotel building to a commodious room at his residence a few doors from Center Sq. on Philadelphia street, where he will be ready at all times to give all satisfaction in his line.

A Few Reasons Why You Should Do Your Xmas Shopping at BENDER'S.

- 1st.—I have the Largest Assortment of Furniture in the county.
- 2.—I Handle only Dependable Goods.
- 3.—Your Safeguard is My Satisfaction.
- 4.—You can get the BEST Furniture here that can be had.
- 5.—I Save You Money.
- 6.—Goods Always as Represented or money Refunded.

BENDER,

The Home Furnisher,
37 Baltimore Street.
Gettysburg, - - - Penn'a.

ASSESSMENT.

THE Directors of the Mummaburg Mutual Fire Protection Society, have ordered an assessment of four (4) per cent. on the amount of the premium notes to pay fire losses, payable on or before the 15th day of January, 1905.

Particular attention is called to the 17th section of the By-Laws, viz: Whenever an assessment has been made upon the premium notes and not paid within thirty days after the same shall have been demanded the policy shall be considered as null and void and of no validity but the Directors may retain the premium note and collect thereon such sum; and should it become necessary to enforce the payment of the amount assessed by suit-at-law, the recovery of said costs to form part of the claim due by the delinquent member to the society.

MARGARET McCREW, Secretary.

12-16-3t

Administrator's Notice.

ESTATE OF LIZZIE G. FRAZIER, DECEASED.—Letters of administration of the estate of Lizzie G. Frazier, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in said borough, notice is hereby given to all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

D. F. STEFFK, Administrator.
New Oxford, Pa.

12-2-6t.

NOTICE!

My wife, Mary Miller, having left my bed and board without any reasonable cause, I hereby give notice that I will not be responsible or pay any bills or debts made or contracted for by her.

JOHN B. MILLER,
Berwick Township, Adams County, Pa.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—
Farmers & Merchants Bank,
of New Oxford, Center Square, Adams County, Pennsylvania, at the close of business Nov. 21, 1904.

—RESOURCES.—

Cash on hand.....	\$ 5 455 34
Checks and other cash items.....	21 91
Due from Banks and Bankers.....	20 977 37
Loans and Discounts.....	222 232 03
Investment securities owned, viz:	
Stocks, Bonds, etc.....	\$9 964 00
Mortgages.....	850 00
Furniture and Fixtures.....	10 814 00
	1 368 54
	\$260 869 09

—LIABILITIES.—

Capital stock paid in.....	\$ 50 000 00
Surplus Fund.....	20 000 00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....	4 853 60
Deposits, subject to check.....	\$ 58 279 14
Time Certificate of Deposits, 127 421 14	185 700 28
Due to Banks and Bankers.....	815 21
	\$260 869 09

State of Pennsylvania, County of Adams, ss: I, Jas. W. Barnitz, Cashier, of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JAS. W. BARNITZ, Cashier

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of Nov. 1904.

R. M. STRALEY, J. P.

Commission Expires 1st Monday of May, 1905.

CORRECT—ATTEST:

F. M. MILLER,
Z. H. CASHMAN,
J. L. SHEFFK, } Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—
Farmers' Bank of McSherrystown,
Main Street, Adams County, Pennsylvania, at the close of business Nov. 21, 1904.

—RESOURCES.—

Cash on hand.....	\$ 4 153 02
Checks and other cash items.....	45 90
Due from Banks and Bankers.....	5 589 70
Loans and Discounts.....	113 989 83
Investment securities owned, viz:	
Stocks, Bonds, etc.....	\$6 000 00
Mortgages & Judgments.....	3 012 00
Real estate, Furniture and Fixtures.....	9 012 00
	4 865 89
	\$187 476 34

—LIABILITIES.—

Capital Stock paid in.....	\$ 50 000 00
Surplus Fund.....	5 000 00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....	2 044 28
Deposits, subject to check.....	\$36 178 59
Time Certificate of Deposit.....	\$3 708 51
Cashier's Checks outstanding.....	71 886 90
Due to Banks and Bankers.....	418 81
Bills payable.....	8 000 00
	\$187 476 34

State of Pennsylvania, County of York, ss: I, Henry M. Rudisill, Cashier of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

HENRY M. RUDISILL, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23rd day of November, 1904.

JULIUS W. FISCHER, N. P.

Commission Expires January 2nd, 1906.

CORRECT—ATTEST:

J. A. POIST,
A. D. SMITH, } Directors.

Grain & Produce!

Having purchased the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA., for many years conducted by Mr. Z. H. Cashman, we desire to inform the public that the business will be conducted on the same principle as heretofore, and will buy and sell all kinds of

Country Produce.

WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN,
HAY, STRAW, BRAN, CHOP,
MIDDINGS, POTATOES,
COARSE AND FINE SALT,
&c., &c., also

THE BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR.

We have retained the service of Mr. Cashman who will have charge of the business. Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to deal with us.

Free delivery to all parts of borough. Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday afternoon for Baltimore. Returning, leave Hilleu Station every Friday at 4 o'clock p. m., arriving in New Oxford Saturday morning. All orders left with us will receive prompt and careful attention.

Hanover Produce Co.

Grain & Produce.

The undersigned, having taken charge of the warehouse on Pitt Street, (formerly conducted by A. Sheely), desires to inform the public that he will pay Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of GRAIN, Baled Hay and Straw, &c. Will also handle all kinds of MILL FEED, Coarse and Fine Salt, Potatoes and the Best BRANDS OF FLOUR. All orders for feed, etc., will be delivered to any part of the borough free.

COAL.

Will also at all times have a full supply of Coal of all kinds, which will be sold at bottom price.

J. H. DUTTERA, JR.,
4 23-ly. New Oxford, Pa.

OHIO & KENTUCKY Horses AND Mules



Monday, December 5th.

The undersigned will receive at his sale and exchange stables, the above date, one car load of Ohio and Kentucky Horses, for sale and exchange.

Also one car load of MULES.

Call and see my stock before purchasing.

H. A. SMITH, Hanover, Pa.

ANNUAL Fur Sale!

December 3 to 10.

Hundreds of Fine Furs and Muffs to Select from.

This is the event the people of Hanover and vicinity have been looking forward to. We sell nothing but strictly legitimate Furs and every Fur is guaranteed to be made of a real skin. Avail yourself of this opportunity for Christmas Presents.

Prices to Suit Everybody.

N. B. Carver & Sons.
HANOVER, PA.

NOTICE!

HAVING purchased and taken charge of the Butchering Business and Meat Market of M. G. Colestock, I desire to announce to the public in general, that by strict and careful attention to business, to retain his old and command many new customers. It is my intention to handle nothing but the BEST products and will at all times be pleased to furnish you with Fresh and Cured Meats of all kinds, such as are only found in a first-class meat market. Your patronage solicited. Give me a trial.

B. F. Gise,
MIDDLE ROOM, LIVINGSTONE BLOCK,
Center Square, New Oxford,

New Oxford Item

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY H. I. SMITH.

Terms.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement.

Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.

For Printing of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1904.

Forgery at York Springs.

Harry Linn, superintendent of the batteries of the American Coke and Gas Construction company, has paid a visit to his friend H. F. Smith, at York Springs. While there he played a mean trick on Mr. Smith and now Mr. S. is looking for him.

Linn received a check which bears the name of Mr. Smith cash that is a forgery, a presumably by Linn.

The check was signed by Mr. Linn's father and was for the amount of \$285.70. Mr. Smith thought the check was all right and at once endorsed it. He was told that it would be a great favor to Linn, as he was badly in need of the money. This was probably true.

On Friday evening Linn went to Gettysburg, saying that he was going on a visit to friends in Hanover, but would return later. Linn did not go to Hanover, but took the train for Harrisburg. Since he arrived in Harrisburg nothing has been heard of him.

Mr. Linn is a man of good appearance and one in whom people would readily place confidence. He is said to be a cousin of Mr. Smith and spent several days in the family of Mr. Smith while in York Springs.

On Tuesday Mr. Smith went to Harrisburg and placed the matter in the hands of a detective. No clue has yet been found as to his whereabouts, but it is expected that he will be located in a few days.

Adams Countian Killed.

A telegram was received at Gettysburg Tuesday by Charles A. Beck announcing the accidental death that morning of Andrew Wisler, a freight conductor on the Panhandle Railroad between Dennison and Columbus, Ohio.

The deceased left Adams county about 25 years ago but has visited here frequently since, being East about a year ago. He was born along the Chambersburg pike 2 1/2 miles West of Gettysburg. His wife was Annie Mackley, whose home was near Gettysburg. She, with two sons, Samuel and Grover, survive.

Alms House Appointments.

The following re-appointments were made by the Directors of the Poor: Samuel E. Waltman, Steward; Mrs. Waltman, Matron; Wm. Hersh, Esq., Attorney; Dr. J. R. Bickson, Physician; J. T. Hartzell, Clerk; Elmer E. Slaybaugh, Treasurer. Vincent Eckenrode was appointed in place of Elmer Kepner, Keeper of Old Men's Department, with his wife as assistant. John McIlhenny was re-appointed First Teamster, and his wife Keeper of the Old Women's Department. Miss Martha Horner was continued as Seamstress. Oliver Bushey and wife, who had been day nurses, were made night nurses in the Insane Department, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Slonaker newly appointed day attendants.

Millions for Good Roads.

Senator Latimer, of the committee on agriculture and forestry, on Wednesday, in the Senate at Washington, reported favorably the bill known as the "Latimer Good Roads" bill. It carries an appropriation of \$24,000,000, to be available in three annual installments of \$8,000,000, for road building in the States. Under the provisions of the bill, the States are to do the work of construction and pay one-half the cost, the national government paying the other half.

The Vest Pocket Ballot.

Whatever the action on personal registration in the coming session of the Pennsylvania Legislature, a considerable element of the Republican membership will try to persuade the leaders to assent to the substitution of the old "vest pocket ballot" with a new "official envelope." Should the Supreme Court, in its forthcoming opinion, declare unconstitutional the "party square," the leaders are likely to agree to the "vest pocket" plan, and they may do so anyway.

Henry Hafer, a distant relative of W. W. Hafer, of Abbottstown, is living in Reading and has reached the great age of 95 years, has never been sick in his life and can be seen almost daily walking the streets of Reading.

Have your Job Printing done at the Item office. Prices the lowest.

Terrible Story:—He Kills His Wife and Then Himself.

Mr. Edward Aumen, of Littlestown, received a special-delivery letter from a relative in Ohio. It contains the sad news of a double tragedy committed last Sunday morning. The letter is from Mrs. J. Einglefinger, of 38 Abram St., Dayton, Ohio, and reads as follows:

Dayton, O., Dec. 3, '04.

Dear Sir:

We very much regret to announce the sad news of a double tragedy—a murder and suicide—that of Mr. Charles Fraver and wife, Henrietta, which occurred this morning by my father shooting mother and then turning the deadly weapon upon himself and both hurled into eternity.

The cause, so far as we can learn, was because mother and Bertha decided to go off on a visit for two weeks among relatives. They had expected to go to-morrow morning. Father seemed to have opposed the visit though he did not forbid it. We were desirous that father during the absence of mother and sister, should pass the time between us children, but he declined the invitation stating that "he had his place picked out."

Little did we dream of the terrible act he was evidently then contemplating, for we had always done all possible for both to make them happy and comfortable.

Father's actions yesterday were not unusual—not out of the ordinary, and no one had any idea of such a thing occurring to throw such darkness and gloom upon the family. It is a mystery where he got the revolver. It must have been his plan for some time, though there are no known reasons for his act.

Mrs. J. Einglefinger.

Chas. Fraver was formerly of near Silver Run. He married Henrietta Garrich, of Germany township, some 35 years ago, and moved West about 32 years ago. Mrs. Fraver is survived by three sons and three daughters.—Independent.

Millard M. Tawney, of Gettysburg, pleaded guilty Tuesday before the United States District Court at Harrisburg, to the charges of taking \$10 from the money Order Department of the Gettysburg Post-office and abstracting letters from the U. S. Mails. He was sentenced to pay one dollar fine, the costs of prosecution and undergo an imprisonment of one year in the Dauphin county jail.

The grand jury ignored the bill charging Dr. E. D. Hudson, of Fairfield, with using the mail to defraud a Philadelphia firm. It is alleged that the doctor ordered some stereopticon views from the plaintiffs and when he received them removed the new ones placing old ones in their place and sending the package back to the firm with the announcement that they were no good.

The condemnation proceedings for the taking of ground in Cumberland township for a National park was taken up on morning. The case was decided in favor of the plaintiff. The company was awarded \$225 for first tract; \$400 for second tract; \$3,000 for third tract, and \$400 for fourth tract.

Burton, a young son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Witherow, of Cumberland township, met with a painful accident one day last week. The little fellow was climbing over a gate when it fell on him breaking his one leg between the knee and the hip.

My Breath.

Shortness of Breath Is One of the Commonest Signs of Heart Disease.

Notwithstanding what many physicians say, heart disease can be cured. Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure has permanently restored to health many thousands who had found no relief in the medicines, (allopathic or homoeopathic) of regular practicing physicians. It has proved itself unique in the history of medicine, by being so uniformly successful in curing those diseases.

Nearly always, one of the first signs of trouble is shortness of breath. Whether it comes as a result of walking or running up stairs, or of other exercises, if the heart is unable to meet this extra demand upon its pumping powers—there is something wrong with it.

The very best thing you can do, is to take Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure. It will go to the foundation of the trouble, and make a permanent cure by strengthening and renewing the nerves. "I know that Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is a great remedy. For a number of years I suffered from shortness of breath, smothering spells, and pains in my left side. For months at a time I would be unable to lie on my left side, and if I lay flat on my back would nearly smother. A friend advised using Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, which I did with good results. I began to improve at once, and after taking several bottles of the Heart Cure the pains in my side and other symptoms vanished. I am now entirely well. All those dreadful smothering spells are a thing of the past."—R. P. LIAKE, Middletown, O.

If the first bottle does not help you, the drug it will refund your money. Write to us for Free Trial Package of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, the New Scientific Remedy for Pain, Also Symptom Blank. Our Specialist will diagnose your case, tell you what is wrong, and how to right it. Free. DR. J. C. LIAKE, LIAKE & CO., LABORATORIES, ELIZABETH, IND.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT AILS YOU

The U. S. mail will bring you the best medical advice for only the cost of writing materials and stamps.



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DR. J. L. SHEETZ;

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NOTICE!

My wife, Mary Miller, having left my bed and board without any reasonable cause, I hereby give notice that I will not be responsible or pay any bills or debts made or contracted for by her. JOHN B. MILLER, Berwick Township, Adams County, Pa.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmers & Merchants Bank, of New Oxford, Center Square, Adams County, Pennsylvania, at the close of business Nov. 21, 1904.

—RESOURCES.—	
Cash on hand.....	\$ 5,455.34
Checks and other cash items.....	21.81
Due from Banks and Bankers.....	20,977.37
Loans and Discounts.....	222,232.03
Investment securities owned, viz:	
Stocks, Bonds, etc.....	\$9,964.00
Mortgages.....	850.00
Furniture and Fixtures.....	1,368.54
	\$200,869.09
—LIABILITIES.—	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus Fund.....	20,000.00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....	4,853.60
Deposits, subject to check.....	\$ 58,279.14
Time Certificate of Deposits, 127,421.14	185,700.28
Due to Banks and Bankers.....	315.21
	\$200,869.09

State of Pennsylvania, County of Adams, ss: I, Jas. W. Barnitz, Cashier, of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. JAS. W. BARNITZ, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of Nov. 1904. R. M. STRALEY, J. P. Commission Expires 1st Monday of May, 1905.

CORRECT—ATTEST: F. M. MILLER, Z. H. CASHMAN, J. L. SHEETZ, Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmers' Bank of McSherrystown,

Main Street, Adams County, Pennsylvania, at the close of business Nov. 21, 1904.

—RESOURCES.—	
Cash on hand.....	\$ 4,153.02
Checks and other cash items.....	45.90
Due from Banks and Bankers.....	5,899.70
Loans and Discounts.....	118,989.83
Investment securities owned, viz:	
Stocks, Bonds, etc.....	\$6,000.00
Mortgages & Judgments.....	3,012.00
Real estate, Furniture and Fixtures.....	4,885.89
	\$137,476.34

—LIABILITIES.—

Capital Stock paid in.....	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus Fund.....	5,000.00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....	2,044.38
Deposits, subject to check.....	\$36,178.39
Time Certificate of Deposit.....	35,708.51
Cashier's Checks outstanding.....	126.75
Due to Banks and Bankers.....	418.31
Bills payable.....	8,000.00
	\$137,476.34

State of Pennsylvania, County of York, ss: I, Henry M. Rudisill, Cashier of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. HENRY M. RUDISILL, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23rd day of November, 1904. J. L. W. FISCHER, N. P. Commission Expires January 2nd, 1905.

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Having purchased the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA., for many years conducted by Mr. Z. H. Cashman, we desire to inform the public that the business will be conducted on the same principle as heretofore, and will buy and sell all kinds of

Country Produce.

WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN, HAY, STRAW, BRAN, CHOP, MIDDINGS, POTATOES, COARSE AND FINE SALT, &c., &c., also

THE BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR.

We have retained the service of Mr. Cashman who will have charge of the business. Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to deal with us.

Free delivery to all parts of borough. Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday afternoon for Baltimore. Returning, leave Hillen Station every Friday at 4 o'clock p. m., arriving in New Oxford Saturday morning. All orders left with us will receive prompt and careful attention.

Hanover Produce Co.

Grain & Produce.

The undersigned, having taken charge of the warehouse on Pitt Street, (formerly conducted by A. Sheely), desires to inform the public that he will pay Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of GRAIN, Baled Hay and Straw, &c. Will also handle all kinds of MILL FEED, Coarse and Fine Salt, Potatoes and the Best BRANDS OF FLOUR. All orders for feed, etc., will be delivered to any part of the borough free.

COAL.

Will also at all times have a full supply of Coal of all kinds, which will be sold at bottom price.

J. H. Duttera, Jr., 4 23-ly. New Oxford, Pa.

OHIO & KENTUCKY Horses & Mules



Monday, December 5th.

The undersigned will receive at his sale and exchange stables, the above date, one car load of Ohio and Kentucky Horses, for sale and exchange.

Also one car load of MULES. Call and see my stock before purchasing.

H. A. SMITH, Hanover, Pa.

ANNUAL Fur Sale!

December 3 to 10.

Hundreds of Fine Furs and Muffs to Select from.

This is the event the people of Hanover and vicinity have been looking forward to. We sell nothing but strictly legitimate Furs and every Fur is guaranteed to be made of a real skin. Avail yourself of this opportunity for Christmas Presents.

Prices to Suit Everybody.

N. B. Carver & Sons.

HANOVER, PA.

NOTICE!

HAVING purchased and taken charge of the Butchering Business and Meat Market of M. G. Colestock, I desire to announce to the public in general, that by strict and careful attention to business, to retain his old and command many new customers.

It is my intention to handle nothing but the BEST products and will at all times be pleased to furnish you with Fresh and Cured Meats of all kinds, such as are only found in a first-class meat market. Your patronage solicited. Give me a trial.

B. F. Gise, MIDDLE ROOM, LIVINGSTON BLOCK, Center Square, New Oxford,

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Tread on Upturned Spike.

Mr. Wm. N. Hulick residing along the Gettysburg pike, in Mountpleasant township, about 14 miles from town, met with an accident that is causing him to suffer much pain. On last Tuesday morning Mr. Hulick arose early for the purpose of coming to town to do the butchering of several porkers at the Eagle Hotel. While he was hitching up his horse at home he in the darkness tread upon an upturned spike which penetrated through the shoe and into his foot to a considerable depth. He extracted the spike and applied home remedies, then coming to town, worked all day, not thinking much about the wound. That evening the wound became much inflamed and caused great pain, and a physician was consulted, he having taken cold in the wound. At last accounts he was able to be about by the aid of crutches, though the foot is yet very sore.

Runaway Accident.

One day last week Dr. J. L. Sheetz, accompanied by Rev. G. N. Lauffer, made a professional call at the home of Mr. Moffman, along the Hanover road, about one-half mile from town. On getting into the buggy to make the homeward trip, the horse, which is a spirited one, started and made a short turn in the road before the Dr. was able to get hold of the lines. In making the turn the buggy was turned upsidown, throwing the occupants out, and dragging them for some distance. Dr. Sheetz escaped injury but Rev. Mr. Lauffer was thrown out upon his head and arm bruising him considerably though not seriously. Very fortunately, the top of the buggy was torn off directly after the upset, or perhaps their escape might have been serious. The horse ran with the running gear of the buggy upsidown to the home of Mr. D. H. Fink, a short distance this side the Hoffman home, where he was caught. The animal was not injured but the buggy was an almost complete wreck.

New Barber Chairs.

Geo. F. Rabine, the Philadelphia street tonsorial artist, this week placed in his room two of the latest improved chairs. The chairs were manufactured by Eugene Bermenhaus, at Cincinnati, and purchased through Fred. Dolle, of Chicago. They are known as Hercules Hydraulic one Lever Chair, but few of which are in use in this section of the country. By the simple use of the one lever the chair can be put in any position desired, or raised or lowered, at will; they are upholstered in the highest grade maroon leather, and are very neat and comfortable. Mr. Rabine is having the parlor re-painted and re-papered this week and when all is completed, with the new chairs, will have a room of which he can well feel proud of.

Marriage Licenses.

William R. Walter and Miss Olive K. Stonesifer, both of Hamilton township, and Harvey E. Bollinger and Miss Lizzie Hoffman, of Gettysburg, have been granted marriage licenses by Clerk of Courts William P. Baker.

Also to Paul H. Eyster, of McSherrytown, and Miss Cora Sleifer, of Littlestown.

Ambrose C. Staub, of Reading township, and Miss Evelina M. Haverstock, of East Berlin.

Benjamin D. Hinkle, of Menallen township, and Miss Minnie L. Woodward, of Huntington township.

Paper to Advertise in.

A paper which is taken into the bosom of the family and read carefully from beginning to end is naturally a business-getter, for in such reading of the news matter the reader cannot escape seeing an advertisement for a long enough time to make an impression on him. If the reader has confidence in character and the utterances of the paper he voluntarily places more confidence in the advertisements which it contains, though the paper may not vouch for the advertiser in any way. For this reason the nature of a circulation has as much to do with the drawing quality of the paper as the extent of the circulation.

Blown Up by Dynamite.

The mixing plant of the Rockdale Powder Company, situated at Alesia, Carroll county, Md., was totally destroyed about noon Monday by an explosion of dynamite and other substances used in the manufacturing business of the firm. The force of the explosion was such that the Methodist church of Hoffmanville, about three-quarters of a mile away, was moved eight inches and the windows were knocked out. Buildings five miles away were shaken and a panic was created in the neighborhood.

Emanuel Anstine, an employee of the company, was injured about one arm, but no one else was reported hurt. The fact that the five persons at work in the building at the time of the accident were all not blown to pieces is regarded as almost miraculous.

Death's Doings.

Jerome Overholtzer died on Friday night at 12 o'clock of pneumonia, at the home of his sister, Mrs. Daniel Chronister, at Hampton, and was buried in Hampton cemetery on Sunday afternoon, Rev. P. M. Spangler officiating. He was aged 71 years. Mr. Overholtzer was a lame man and well known as a musician, being able to play on a number of instruments.

Mrs. Drusilla Herbst, widow of the late George Herbst, died at her home in Gettysburg, Wednesday morning about 9 o'clock, after a lingering illness. Her death was due to the infirmities of age. She was in the 87th year of her age. She is survived by one son, Frank Herbst, of Highland township, and one daughter, Miss Mary E., at home.

J. A. Bolen, of York Springs, received word on Monday that his sister, Mrs. Maggie Wilcox had died that morning at her home in Canton, O. The deceased was aged about 58 years and is survived by a husband and two sons. Clinton Bolen of York Springs, and William Bolen, of Plainview, are brothers of deceased.

Mrs. Heltzel, wife of William Heltzel, formerly of this place, died at her home in Baltimore on last Wednesday morning from consumption, aged about 35 years. Mrs. Heltzel, who was a Baltimore lady, with her two sons, spent part of the past summer with his mother, Mrs. Margaret Heltzel, of Philadelphia street, this place. She is survived by her husband and two sons. Her funeral took place on Friday at Baltimore.

C. D. Champion died at the home of his mother, at Greenmount, on Friday morning at 8:15 o'clock. His death was caused by consumption with which he has been suffering for some time. He was a member of the Modern Woodmen at Turtle Creek, his former home, and is survived by his wife and one child.

Charles Edgar, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Topper, residing on the Wm. Jenkins farm close to Irishtown, died Sunday morning from a complication of diseases, in the 7th year of his age. His remains were interred at Conewago cemetery Monday morning, Rev. Father Haltermeyer officiating.

John H. Wolford, a well-known citizen of Hanover, died on Saturday from asthma and other ailments, after an illness of several months, aged 68 years and 10 days.

Daniel Carr died at the home of his father-in-law, William Snyder, in Mt. Holly, Saturday morning at 3:30 o'clock, from a complication of diseases. He was aged 52 years and had been ill for six weeks. He is survived by a wife and two sons, C. W. Carr, Harrisburg, and Clinton Carr, in the west. Mr. Carr formerly resided at York Springs.

Eli Malaun, formerly of the vicinity of Hampton, died last Saturday evening in the Insane Department at the Almshouse at the age of 70 years. He had been confined there for about two years. His wife is dead, one son, also insane, survives. His funeral was held at Hampton on Tuesday.

Maurice Treseker, son of Charles Treseker, of Littlestown, died Tuesday morning at 4 o'clock of typhoid fever, aged 18 years.

Died, very suddenly, at Two Taverns, on Friday, Dec. 9, Emanuel Olinger, aged 69 years. He was a highly respected citizen, born and lived all his life in Mountjoy township. He is survived by one son William, and one daughter, Mrs. Carver.

Sojourning in Florida.

From Independent.
Albert T. Wertz, residing on the Hostetter farm in Union township, well known here in Littlestown, and a son of Mr. Wm. Wertz, of Lumber street, is sojourning at Jacksonville, Fla. The young man left hastily on Nov. 30th without notice to anyone and for reasons which have developed since his hasty departure. It seems that Albert needed money and thought that the easiest way to get it was to forge the name of his father to some notes and have them cashed. This he is charged with doing. One forged note of \$500 was cashed by the Hanover Savings Fund Society; another of \$400 was cashed by the People's Bank, of Hanover. These notes came due. The young man skipped. The father was notified; he called at the Banks and pronounced his name a forgery. Besides this Albert and his father had jointly borrowed \$1,000 from other parties. Execution was issued on Tuesday on the personal property of both William and Albert Wertz. Six years ago Albert Wertz married a daughter of Wm. Weisensale, of Conewago township. Two daughters are the result of his union. The wife and her two children have gone to the home of her parents, at Bollinger's Mill, while the husband and father is a fugitive from the law.

Hymenial.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Sheely, on West High street, was the scene of a quiet home wedding on Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock, when their daughter, Miss Blanche E. Sheely and Charles E. Slaybaugh, son of Mr. and Mrs. I. P. Slaybaugh, of Cedar Ridge, were united in marriage by Rev. S. P. Mauger of the Reformed church. Only members of the family and a few invited guests were present. After the ceremony the guests were invited to the dining room where a bountiful supper was in waiting for them. The young people will reside in New Oxford.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Slaybaugh are very popular among the young folks, and we join with all in wishing them a long, prosperous and happy journey through life. The first force was remembered with a goodly supply of cake, etc., for which we extend our thanks.

William S. Maring and Miss Abbie B. Little, of Cumberland township, were married Sunday evening at Mt. Joy patronage.

At the home of the groom's father, Adam Bollinger, in Cumberland township Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock, Harvey E. Bollinger and Miss Lizzie Hoffman, of Gettysburg, were united in marriage. Rev. W. G. Minnick, of Mt. Joy, officiated.

Miss Florence M. Null, of Mt. Rock, and Harry R. Spangler, of Lemoyne, were united in marriage on Wednesday evening by Justice J. B. Martin of Carlisle.

Rev. Father Kennedy Dead.

Rev. Father Timothy Kennedy, who preceded Father Reutter, as pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, this place, died at Williamstown, Dauphin county, to which place he was transferred from here, on Friday night from pneumonia, aged about 55 years. Father Kennedy was a good and pious man and was well liked during his short mission here.

A fine selection of Christmas Novelties now open. Come now and procure the choice articles. THE WENTZ CO., 83 Balto. St., Hanover.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Castman.
Choice Wheat..... \$1.04
No 2 "..... 1.00
Blaked "..... 60
Rye..... 55 @ 60
Corn..... 55 @ 60
Oats..... 50 @ 55
Clover seed, per lb..... 8 @ 10
Timothy seed..... 1.00 @ 1.50
Rye Straw..... 9.00 @ 12.00
Timothy hay..... 8.00 @ 10.00

Sick Blood

Feed pale girls on Scott's Emulsion.

We do not need to give all the reasons why Scott's Emulsion restores the strength and flesh and color of good health to those who suffer from sick blood.

The fact that it is the best preparation of Cod Liver Oil, rich in nutrition, full of healthy stimulation is a suggestion as to why it does what it does.

Scott's Emulsion presents Cod Liver Oil at its best, fullest in strength, least in taste.

Young women in their "teens" are permanently cured of the peculiar disease of the blood which shows itself in paleness, weakness and nervousness, by regular treatment with Scott's Emulsion.

It is a true blood food and is naturally adapted to the cure of the blood sickness from which so many young women suffer.

We will be glad to send a sample to any sufferer.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

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Mr. C. L. Eicholtz, the Pen Artist, will in the near future, open a night school in his studio, on Philadelphia street, for the purpose of teaching the young people in the art of Penmanship. Charles is a first-class penman and we would advise the young folks to grasp the opportunity and improve their hand-writing. We understand a class will be organized about Jan. 1, 1905.

Tread on Upturned Spike.

Mr. Wm. N. Hulick residing along the Gettysburg pike, in Mountpleasant township, about 14 miles from town, met with an accident that is causing him to suffer much pain. On last Tuesday morning Mr. Hulick arose early for the purpose of coming to town to do the butchering of several porkers at the Eagle Hotel. While he was hitching up his horse at home he in the darkness tread upon an upturned spike which penetrated through the shoe and into his foot to a considerable depth. He extracted the spike and applied home remedies, then coming to town, worked all day, not thinking much about the wound. That evening the wound became much inflamed and caused great pain, and a physician was consulted, he having taken cold in the wound. At last accounts he was able to be about by the aid of crutches, though the foot is yet very sore.

Runaway Accident.

One day last week Dr. J. L. Sheetz, accompanied by Rev. G. N. Laufer, made a professional call at the home of Mr. Moffman, along the Hanover road, about one-half mile from town. On getting into the buggy to make the homeward trip, the horse, which is a spirited one, started and made a short turn in the road before the Dr. was able to get hold of the lines. In making the turn the buggy was turned upsidown, throwing the occupants out, and dragging them for some distance. Dr. Sheetz escaped injury but Rev. Mr. Laufer was thrown out upon his head and arm bruising him considerably though not seriously. Very fortunately, the top of the buggy was torn off directly after the upset, or perhaps their escape might have been serious. The horse ran with the running gear of the buggy upsidown to the home of Mr. D. H. Fink, a short distance this side the Hoffman home, where he was caught. The animal was not injured but the buggy was an almost complete wreck.

New Barber Chairs.

Geo. F. Rabine, the Philadelphia street tonsorial artist, this week placed in his room two of the latest improved chairs. The chairs were manufactured by Eugene Bernehaus, at Cincinnati, and purchased through Fred. Dolle, of Chicago. They are known as Hercules Hydraulic one Lever Chair, but few of which are in use in this section of the country. By the simple use of the one lever the chair can be put in any position desired, or raised or lowered, at will; they are upholstered in the highest grade maroon leather, and are very neat and comfortable. Mr. Rabine is having the parlor re-painted and re-papered this week and when all is completed, with the new chairs, will have a room of which he can well feel proud of.

Marriage Licenses.

William R. Walter and Miss Olive K. Stonieser, both of Hamilton township, and Harvey E. Bollinger and Miss Lizzie Hoffman, of Gettysburg, have been granted marriage licenses by Clerk of Courts William P. Baker.

Also to Paul H. Eyster, of McSherrystown, and Miss Cora Sleifer, of Littlestown.

Ambrose C. Staub, of Reading township, and Miss Evelina M. Haverstock, of East Berlin.

Benjamin D. Hinkle, of Menallen township, and Miss Minnie L. Woodward, of Huntington township.

Paper to Advertise in.

A paper which is taken into the bosom of the family and read carefully from beginning to end is naturally a business-getter, for in such reading of the news matter the reader cannot escape seeing an advertisement for a long enough time to make an impression on him. If the reader has confidence in character and the utterances of the paper he voluntarily places more confidence in the advertisements which it contains, though the paper may not vouch for the advertiser in any way. For this reason the nature of a circulation has as much to do with the drawing quality of the paper as the extent of the circulation.

Blown Up by Dynamite.

The mixing plant of the Rockdale Powder Company, situated at Alesia, Carroll county, Md., was totally destroyed about noon Monday by an explosion of dynamite and other substances used in the manufacturing business of the firm. The force of the explosion was such that the Methodist church of Hoffmanville, about three-quarters of a mile away, was moved eight inches and the windows were knocked out. Buildings five miles away were shaken and a panic was created in the neighborhood.

Emanuel Anstine, an employee of the company, was injured about one arm, but no one else was reported hurt. The fact that the five persons at work in the building at the time of the accident were all not blown to pieces is regarded as almost miraculous.

Death's Doings.

Jerome Overholtzer died on Friday night at 12 o'clock of pneumonia, at the home of his sister, Mrs. Daniel Chronister, at Hampton, and was buried in Hampton cemetery on Sunday afternoon, Rev. P. M. Spangler officiating. He was aged 71 years. Mr. Overholtzer was a lame man and well known as a musician, being able to play on a number of instruments.

Mrs. Drusilla Herbst, widow of the late George Herbst, died at her home in Gettysburg, Wednesday morning about 9 o'clock, after a lingering illness. Her death was due to the infirmities of age. She was in the 87th year of her age. She is survived by one son, Frank Herbst, of Highland township, and one daughter, Miss Mary E., at home.

J. A. Bolen, of York Springs, received word on Monday that his sister, Mrs. Maggie Wilcox had died that morning at her home in Canton, O. The deceased was aged about 58 years and is survived by a husband and two sons. Clinton Bolen of York Springs, and William Bolen, of Plainview, are brothers of deceased.

Mrs. Heltzel, wife of William Heltzel, formerly of this place, died at her home in Baltimore on last Wednesday morning from consumption, aged about 35 years. Mrs. Heltzel, who was a Baltimore lady, with her two sons, spent part of the past summer with his mother, Mrs. Margaret Heltzel, of Philadelphia street, this place. She is survived by her husband and two sons. Her funeral took place on Friday at Baltimore.

C. D. Champion died at the home of his mother, at Greenmount, on Friday morning at 8:15 o'clock. His death was caused by consumption with which he has been suffering for some time. He was a member of the Modern Woodmen at Turtle Creek, his former home, and is survived by his wife and one child.

Charles Edgar, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Topper, residing on the Wm. Jenkins farm close to Irishtown, died Sunday morning from a complication of diseases, in the 7th year of his age. His remains were interred at Conewago cemetery Monday morning, Rev. Father Haltermeyer officiating.

John H. Wolford, a well-known citizen of Hanover, died on Saturday from asthma and other ailments, after an illness of several months, aged 68 years and 10 days.

Daniel Carr died at the home of his father-in-law, William Snyder, in Mt. Holly, Saturday morning at 3:30 o'clock, from a complication of diseases. He was aged 52 years and had been ill for six weeks. He is survived by a wife and two sons, C. W. Carr, Harrisburg, and Clinton Carr, in the west. Mr. Carr formerly resided at York Springs.

Eli Malaun, formerly of the vicinity of Hampton, died last Saturday evening in the Insane Department at the Almshouse at the age of 70 years. He had been confined there for about two years. His wife is dead, one son, also insane, survives. His funeral was held at Hampton on Tuesday.

Maurice Treasler, son of Charles Treasler, of Littlestown, died Tuesday morning at 4 o'clock of typhoid fever, aged 18 years.

Died, very suddenly, at Two Taverns, on Friday, Dec. 9, Emanuel Olinger, aged 69 years. He was a highly respected citizen, born and lived all his life in Mountjoy township. He is survived by one son William, and one daughter, Mrs. Carver.

Sojourning in Florida.

From Independent.
Albert T. Wertz, residing on the Hottetter farm in Union township, well known here in Littlestown, and a son of Mr. Wm. Wertz, of Lumber street, is sojourning at Jacksonville, Fla. The young man left hastily on Nov. 30th without notice to anyone and for reasons which have developed since his hasty departure. It seems that Albert needed money and thought that the easiest way to get it was to forge the name of his father to some notes and have them cashed. This he is charged with doing. One forged note of \$500 was cashed by the Hanover Savings Fund Society; another of \$400 was cashed by the People's Bank, of Hanover. These notes came due. The young man skipped. The father was notified; he called at the Banks and pronounced his name a forgery. Besides this Albert and his father had jointly borrowed \$1,000 from other parties. Execution was issued on Tuesday on the personal property of both William and Albert Wertz. Six years ago Albert Wertz married a daughter of Wm. Weisensale, of Conewago township. Two daughters are the result of his union. The wife and her two children have gone to the home of her parents, at Bollinger's Mill, while the husband and father is a fugitive from the law.

Hymenial.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Sheely, on West High street, was the scene of a quiet home wedding on Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock, when their daughter, Miss Blanche E. Sheely and Charles E. Slaybaugh, son of Mr. and Mrs. I. P. Slaybaugh, of Cedar Ridge, were united in marriage by Rev. S. P. Mauger of the Reformed church. Only members of the family and a few invited guests were present. After the ceremony the guests were invited to the dining room where a bountiful supper was in waiting for them. The young people will reside in New Oxford.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Slaybaugh are very popular among the young folks, and we join with all in wishing them a long, prosperous and happy journey through life. The *Item* force was remembered with a goodly supply of cake, etc., for which we extend our thanks.

Wm. S. Maring and Miss Abbie B. Little, of Cumberland township, were married Sunday evening at Mt. Joy parsonage.

At the home of the groom's father, Adam Bollinger, in Cumberland township Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock, Harvey E. Bollinger and Miss Lizzie Hoffman, of Gettysburg, were united in marriage. Rev. W. G. Minnick, of Mt. Joy, officiated.

Miss Florence M. Null, of Mt. Rock, and Harry R. Spangler, of Lemoyne, were united in marriage on Wednesday evening by Justice J. B. Martin of Carlisle.

Rev. Father Kennedy Dead.

Rev. Father Timothy Kennedy, who preceded Father Reutter, as pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, this place, died at Williamstown, Dauphin county, to which place he was transferred from here, on Friday night from pneumonia, aged about 55 years. Father Kennedy was a good and pious man and was well liked during his short mission here.

A fine selection of Christmas Novelties now open. Come now and procure the choice articles. THE WENTZ CO., 83 Balto. St., Hanover.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Castman.
Choice Wheat..... \$1 04
No 2 "..... 1 00
Raked "..... 60
Rye..... 55 @ 60
Corn..... 55 @ 60
Oats..... 50 @ 52
Clover seed, per lb..... 8 @ 10
Timothy seed..... 1 00 @ 1 50
Rye Straw..... 9 00 @ 12 00
Timothy hay..... 8 00 @ 10 00

Sick Blood

Feed pale girls on Scott's Emulsion.

We do not need to give all the reasons why Scott's Emulsion restores the strength and flesh and color of good health to those who suffer from sick blood.

The fact that it is the best preparation of Cod Liver Oil, rich in nutrition, full of healthy stimulation is a suggestion as to why it does what it does.

Scott's Emulsion presents Cod Liver Oil at its best, fullest in strength, least in taste.

Young women in their "teens" are permanently cured of the peculiar disease of the blood which shows itself in paleness, weakness and nervousness, by regular treatment with Scott's Emulsion.

It is a true blood food and is naturally adapted to the cure of the blood sickness from which so many young women suffer.

We will be glad to send a sample to any sufferer.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 425 Pearl St., New York



The tide goes out, the tide goes out once more.
The empty day goes down the empty shore.
The tide goes out; the wharves deserted lie
Under the empty solitude of sky.
The tide goes out; the dwindling channels ache
With the old hunger, with the old heart-break.
The tide goes out; the lonely wastes of sand
Implore the benediction of thy hand.
The tide goes out, goes out; the stranded ships
Desire the sea—as I desire thy lips.
The tide goes out, the tide goes out; the sun
Returns the hills of longing one by one.
The tide goes out, goes out; and goes my heart
On the long quest that ends but where thou art.

—C. G. D. Roberts.

LETTERS.

I SN'T it funny," said Polly, holding up a bundle of yellow looking letters, "how they sound when you read them over? They're just like old-fashioned frock, or the way you used to dress your hair—ridiculous. And once you thought them so beautiful! They look like white coffins, don't they?" and Polly pointed to half a dozen bundles of once white envelopes, each tied with a different colored ribbon, which she had laid out on the library table, ready for sacrificial burning on the altar of our engagement.

"They remind me," I remarked, as I began pulling out of my own overcoat pocket bundle after bundle of pink and blue envelopes, each tied with a common cord, and depositing them beside Polly's collection, "more of skeletons—or stale cigarettes."

"Or dead roses," suggested Polly.
"Or cold pudding," said I.

Polly commenced untying the violet string around a slender packet, and I lay lazily back in the big armchair and watched her through the smoke of my cigarette and began reading.

"Who was he, Polly?" I asked gently, blowing a wreath of smoke and watching it curl around the chandelier.

"He—he doesn't sign his name," said Polly, evasively, and turning pink. I raised my eyebrows significantly.
"Because," said Polly, hurrying on, "as he always said, it is hurtful to sign your name to a personal letter. If the one for whom it is intended cannot guess the sender by the very first sentence, then either he or she does not care very much, or else the letter is entirely without individuality. You do not have to label a good picture 'This is a cow,' do you?"

"Very clever of him," I remarked.
"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Heavyfeather."

"I mean," said I, "that the man who doesn't sign his name to the letters he writes to a woman is either ashamed of what he is doing or insincere in what he is saying; he is either a cad or a coward. When a man really loves you, the only thing on earth he is afraid of is that he will not get you."

"Mr. Heavyfeather," said Polly, coldly, "you never did appreciate style in letter writing. You—"

"Oh, I know his style," I remarked, cynically, "the insinuating, noncommittal style; the style that never signs his name and begins each letter impersonally, as though he were talking to space or posterity."

There was a flash of something white through the air, and the bundle of letters fell from Polly's hand into the blazing fire with a crash.

"Now," said Polly, bringing her elbows down on the table with a little thump and leaning her chin on her clasped hands, "it's your turn."

"But you didn't finish reading them," I said, in surprise.

"What's the use?" said Polly. "They were all alike."

I sighed and opened a pink packet first. I felt Polly's eyes on me, and flushed hotly at the very first line in the intensely interesting epistle I happened to draw out.

"Well?" asked Polly, at length.

"Oh, pshaw!" I began (feeling my cheeks growing hotter every minute). "It isn't fair, Polly, to—"

"You mean," interrupted Polly, "that the lady who wrote the letter said some silly things?"

"They didn't seem silly at the time," I replied warmly.

"They never do," said Polly, "and pudding never tastes flat when it's fresh, and cigarettes never seem stale until they go out; and you never have a headache until the day after the dance."

"And a woman never seems happy," I appended, "until she can spell her soul out on paper."

"Well," flared Polly, "a girl ought to be at perfect liberty to lay her soul quite bare in a letter to her sweetheart."

"That depends," I remarked, "on the sweetheart."

"And on the kind of girl," added Polly, thoughtfully.
"And on the situation," I concluded, "and then you have to reckon with death, accidents and prying landladies."

"I suppose," said Polly, "that the safest thing for a girl to do is to write with the idea that she is going to be famous and that her letters are to be published after death by a mercenary progeny. Then she will say a lot of clever, interesting things which will charm the man in question and yet would make good general reading, if the public should ever take a notion to investigate."

"That, Polly," said I, "would be an excellent idea for a great many reasons; firstly, because a man never appreciates a mushy, gushy letter that seems to be slopping over at the corners with sentiment like a jelly roll. You know, yourself, how, when your plate is too full, the sight of it takes away your appetite. Now, a single sip of something really good and spicy creates a desire for more."

"And a woman's first duty," said Polly, solemnly, "is to create a desire for more."

"Besides," I went on, ignoring the cynicism, "if the average girl who indulges in sentimental notes would project herself into the future a few years and draw a mental picture of the wives of her correspondents in the attitude of reading these notes—"

"Ugh!" cried Polly, with a charming little shudder, "she'd never write anything but the 'do-come-to-see-me-mother-sends-regards-Agnes-wants-to-meet-you-hope-you-are-well-with-love-always' kind, would she? She'd never attempt to make herself plain or understood or anything of that sort."

"No," I replied, flinging my cigarette stump into the grate and gazing thoughtfully at the fire. "Why is it a woman always longs to make herself understood, anyway? It's an awful mistake. Because to the average man every girl is just like a geometrical problem, quite uninteresting, after she has been solved."

Polly was arranging the little packets of white letters carefully into different sized piles.

"Why do you tie them with colored ribbons?" I asked, curiously.

"The ribbons," said Polly, "represent the men. I can tell whose letters they are without even glancing at the envelope. White, for instance, is for Arthur Drake, the man with the whitest soul I ever knew, and black is for Jimmy Carrington, who died; red is for Bobby McRae; and blue is an actor, you know, and blue—" (Polly stopped). "You see," she went on in a moment, "every man who comes into a girl's life leaves a distinct impression. For every man she has ever fancied she always has a soft spot somewhere down in her heart. Now, it's different with a man. Nothing is so dead to him as dead love. The girls he has flirted with and tired of are just like your bundles of letters, forgotten trophies tied with an old string."

"Oh, not at all," I protested, thrusting my hand into my waistcoat pocket and extracting a small leather case. "Here, for instance, is a package of letters that I keep quite separate. I was going to take—I mean to ask—the privilege of keeping these," I stammered.

"But," said Polly, "if love letters are like pudding, or burned cigarettes, or roses, they won't keep."

"These will," I said assuringly, "because they are quite unusual. The girl who wrote them knew how to write; just how far to go to be interesting, and where to stop before becoming gushy. They aren't like roses, saccharine and ephemeral. They are more like immortelles, cool, crisp and everlasting."

Polly leaned over the table and began sorting out a little package of envelopes from her own heap.

"What are those, Polly?" I asked curiously. "They look like telegrams."

"They are," said Polly, coolly. "Some men carry on a correspondence mainly by telegram. When a man is really in love, you know, it is the hardest thing in the world for him to compose a letter. Hence he resorts to the telegraph office. Some of the most beautiful love letters ever written have been just telegrams."

I picked up the bundle absent-mindedly, then let it fall suddenly.

"Polly," I called, softly. But Polly was kneeling beside the grate, watching the flames that burst over the heap of papers.

"Polly," I repeated. But Polly was engrossed in shoving little pink and blue ends down into the coals with the poker.

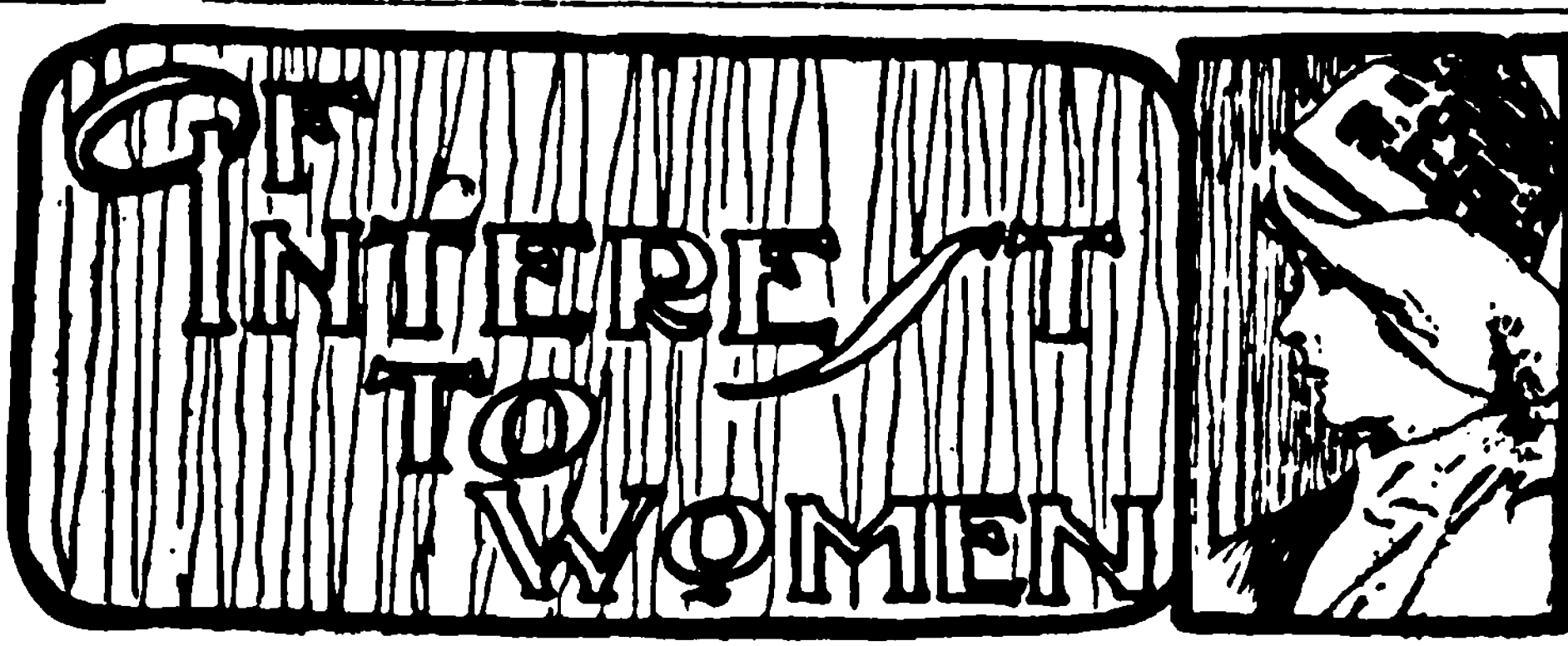
"Polly," said I, rising and going over beside her, "I want to whisper something—in your ear," and knelt down so close that my cheek almost touched Polly's, and put my lips against her dimple, which is nowhere near her ear.

"Say," I whispered, "when did I send you all those telegrams?"

"Oh," ever since I've known you," said Polly.

And the last flame flickered and went out above the heap of ashes in the grate.—Helen Rowland, in Washington Post.

An old Massachusetts law makes it a misdemeanor to display a picture of George Washington under certain circumstances.



PLENTY OF SUNLIGHT.

Weakly children should be out of doors as much as possible during the sunny hours of the day. Sunlight and air are great healthgiving factors. Good milk and plenty of it is another important point, and plenty of sleep and woolen under clothing are essentials. Children may inherit a delicate constitution from their parents, but a healthy childhood often does much to remedy this. It is very unwise to encourage weakly children to walk at an early age. They should be kept back rather than brought forward.

ARRANGEMENT OF COLORS.

Some rather curious manifestations of colors will be much favored this season, as well as shaded effects. One, a large sized Directoire hat, covered with deep Russia leather red velvet, is trimmed with shades of brownish pink. The velvet is cut to shape, and laid on plain over the brim and the high, narrow crown with the forward tilt. Extremely rich, soft satin ribbon, showing those shades of pink melting into each other, is arranged in two puffed rosettes on either side of the horseshoe opening, then carried from thence in a folded band, twice around the crown to finish in larger rosettes, one placed on the edge almost in front, and the other rather lower down on the opposite side. In front also is a large rose, the outer petals of which are made of deep brownish pink velvet, and the inner of the lighter shade of satin.

FADS FOR WOMEN.

By the way, there is a new pocket-book out which looks exactly like a big envelope. The flap fastens with a mock jewel and the pocketbook is carried swinging from a gold chain, which is supposed to be slipped over the wrist. When one realizes what the average woman's pocketbook holds in the way of keys, samples, hair pins and a powder puff, this very flat pocketbook does not seem exactly practical. However, it is something new.

The card case of Egyptian leather is another fad of the moment. It is light tan in color, with printed Egyptian figures and designs in deep brown. It is surely odd enough to be the vogue for a while, and a pleasant change from things Japanese, which we have been surfeited with ever since the beginning of the Japanese-Russian War.—Woman's Home Companion.

STOCKS OF LACE INSERTIONS.

There is a pretty stock which is youthful and always becoming. It is made of insertion, through which ribbons are run. The band is just wide enough and just long enough for the neck, and the ribbons are run through it and tied at the back. Three or four narrow ribbons are very neat if knotted in little bows at the back of the neck, just under the low coiffure. This sort of stock can be worn with any dress.

And there is another stock that is quite as easy to make, and it is one that has been worn a great deal this summer. It is made by taking a strip of lace insertion eighteen inches long and finishing it with little hooks and eyes for the back of the neck. At the front there are fastened two tabs, side by side. The tabs are made by sewing lace medallions together. Take three medallions and attach them in such a way as to make two tabs. Sew them to the neck, so that they hang neatly over the bust. This gives something of the stole effect and is very becoming.

The tulle choux are now made smaller and rounder, so that they look like a little ball of cloud. They are light, airy and very becoming.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE ELDERLY WOMAN'S DRESS.

Mothers of families are too apt to consider that their appearance is of small importance. The girls, of course, they wish to have as pretty clothes as they can afford to give them, but, say they, "Who will notice what I wear?" So they are careless about the neatness of their shoes, the fit of their gloves, the fineness of their handkerchiefs, etc., and present anything but a dainty and smart appearance.

Now all this is a mistake, and it is a worse mistake for the matron than it is for the spinster, for it is likely to lessen the happiness of those whom she loves best. When we look at a fresh young girl we often notice her likeness to her mother, and when we see the mother dowdy and draggle-tailed a vision comes before us of what the daughter will be at the same age, and the vision is unpleasant enough to scare off any man who was just awakening to a sense of her charms.

The vision may be prophetic or not, but all the same it has influence, and therefore it is wrong of the mother not to be as well dressed as she can rightly afford to be for her children's sake.

That she will thus also give pleasure to her husband is a consideration which should make the trouble entailed seem well worth while.—New Haven Register.

THE ENGAGED GIRL.

Don't set your lover on a pedestal or imagine him to be endowed with great moral and intellectual qualities. He may not be able to live "up to it," says Max O'Rell. Don't write to him sentimental letters, for he may keep them, show them or carelessly leave them open about his room. Tell him how you feel toward him, but never write it down. Don't drag his name in every sentence which you utter. Don't play constantly with your engagement ring or display it unduly. Don't assume a superior air or snub girls who are not in the same blissful state as you are. Remember that you are not the only girl in the world who has been engaged. It is nothing to boast of. There are many women who are sorry that they were once engaged. You may be one of these. No; don't boast about your engagement. You may as well boast that you are a good sailor while the boat is under a serene sky and on a smooth sea. Wait till the sea gets rough. Then, and then only, will you know whether you are a good sailor or not. "Engaged" life is no rehearsal of married life. Don't make your lover the sun of your life, the centre of all your actions, for he is but human and may prove sadly disappointing. Don't lavish your attention on him to the exclusion of all other ties. Don't exhaust your vocabulary. Keep something nice to tell him after the wedding, something which he has not heard before.

A JEWELRY REVIVAL.

Old-fashioned garnets, cross-shaped pendants, a revival of the brooch! The jeweler's prospectus is full of surprises this year. It is of much keener interest to the woman of moderate means than is usually the case, because of the latent possibilities of heirloom treasures.

She whose jewel box boasts a set of garnets is more fortunate than her wealthier sister with a fortune in diamonds. The quaint pieces our foremothers wore are being revived in connection with the quaint stones, says the Philadelphia North American. The broostpins are not those of ten or fifteen years ago, but antique affairs such as are discoverable in wartime prints and in collections. The pendant cross dates back to the same period, and those of us who have not ourselves worn it will remember our mothers or grandmothers doing so.

Old-fashioned cameos are also being utilized for the highly favored neck ornament and as mountings for hair combs—also a relic of the past. The crosses come in several varieties, plain articles in gold or silver, especially silver, being the favorites. Russian enamel, in Maltese shape and gun metal, plain or mounted with stone, are also shown.

It is worth while examining your jewel case, fair reader. It may yield something forty or fifty years old which is the approved of Dame Fashion, or which could be made so with very slight expense.

BITS ABOUT DRESSES.

Plum and mulberry are new shades in red.

Dress trimmings will be brighter this year than formerly.

While brown is a popular color for suits, blue is a staple color.

Silk lined gowns will be lined with a lighter shade of the color of the gown.

At last millinery attempts in fur are distinguished by real beauty and trimness.

Shades of the same color will be used together more than will contrasting shades.

The round full skirts require stiffening. Many of these have crinoline to a point above the knees.

Lovely blouses may be evolved from a certain creamy silk-and-wool figured fabric shown for that purpose.

Exceedingly elegant gowns will be in good taste if made in the gray shades. The cheaper grays are not good.

The new bright cloth and velvet will be used with sombre suits and gowns. They are especially good as vests, cuffs and revers.

The length of the round skirt will be either ankle length or just touching the floor. The ankle length will be worn more than at first seems likely, being employed in the reception gown as well as in the street gown.

Copper shades are popular and will be combined with colors which seem impossible in such combination. It takes an artist to use colors with effect. Red is about the only one of the fashionable shades with which copper tints will not be used.

RAT TWO FEET LONG.

It Gives a Philadelphia Policeman a Hard Fight.

While patrolling his beat on German-town avenue, near Bristol road, in the northwestern part of the city, Policeman Nice, of the Twenty-third District, saw a large object creeping stealthily from under a doorstep. In the dim light he was unable to make out the form and would have passed it by but for the many rumors that recently have been circulating in the neighborhood regarding a strange animal, so he determined to investigate.

Of late weird tales of scares have been told the police. The animal which caused all the disturbance had been variously described as a wolf, fox, escaped zoological monstrosity and by the less timid as merely a vicious dog.

Seizing his club, Nice boldly approached the animal, which suddenly made a lunge at him, just missing him. Then commenced such a battle royal as Nice declares he does not wish to go, through again. Despite the vicious defense the animal put up, the policeman's club was finally effective and the creature lay dead at Nice's feet.

Examination showed that the body was that of a huge rat, measuring nearly two feet in length, the tail alone being over a foot long, and the teeth were large and sharp. To verify his statement of the battle, Nice picked up the carcass and took it to the Park and Lehigh avenues station house, where it is now on exhibition.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

WISE WORDS.

Laziness always lays the blame on luck.

God's designs promote us more than our desires.

If woman lost us Paradise, she alone can restore it.—J. G. Whittier.

I am always content with that which happens, for I think that what God chooses is better than what I choose.—Epictetus.

Intellect may give keenness of discernment; Love alone gives largeness to the nature, some share in the comprehensiveness of God.—John Hamilton Thom.

Without thought, grave, deliberate, self-conscious thought, life will run shallow in every channel. Every active duty needs to build foundations downward through habits of quiet thought.

It is an excellent plan to have some place to go to be quiet when things vex or grieve us. There are a good many hard times in this life of ours, but we can always bear them if we ask help in the right way.—Miss Alcott.

Let love not visit you as a transient guest, but be the constant temper of your soul. Let it pant in your heart, let it sparkle in your eyes, let it shine in all your actions and let there be in your tongue the law of kindness.

Why so Formal?

A member of the Metropolitan Club of Washington tells this story on General Miles:

The General was engaged in conversation with a number of friends in the billiard room of the Metropolitan when a man having a very slight acquaintance with General Miles approached. The man evidently had been drinking, for as he stepped beside the General he slapped him on the back and in a loud tone exclaimed:

"Well, Miles, old man, how are you?"

For an instant a frown shadowed the face of the officer; but it soon gave way to a quizzical look, so he replied to the offender:

"Don't be so formal, old chap! Why don't you call me Nelse?"—New York Press.

German School Baths.

No efforts are spared in the Fatherland to bring school hygiene to a high standard of perfection, says the London Mail. Every board school is provided with a well-equipped gymnasium and a "brausebad" or douche. The latter is situated in the lower portion of the building, and during the winter the heating apparatus for the school supplies also the necessary water for the douche baths.

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Words Without Rhyme.

Bulb has no rhyme. Culm, cusp, recumb, gulf, month, doth, amongst, are other rhymeless words having the sound of u as in but. Few patrician words in the language have this vowel sound, so commonplace and without dignity; hence poets turn to it only for blood, flood, and a few similar turbulent monosyllables. They use it often, however, in forcing the accent from the antepenultimate syllable to the final, where its unpleasant sound is concealed by the softened stress. Thus has many rhymes, such as felicitous, mysterious, inglorious, etc.—London Chronicle.

The tide goes out, the tide goes out once more.
The empty day goes down the empty shore.
The tide goes out; the wharves deserted lie
Under the empty solitude of sky.
The tide goes out; the dwindling channels ache
With the old hunger, with the old heart-break.
The tide goes out; the lonely wastes of sand
Implore the benediction of thy hand.
The tide goes out, goes out; the stranded ships
Desire the sea—as I desire thy lips.
The tide goes out, the tide goes out; the sun
Returns the hills of longing one by one.
The tide goes out, goes out; and goes my heart
On the long quest that ends but where thou art.

—C. G. D. Roberts.

LETTERS.

"Isn't it funny," said Polly, holding up a bundle of yellow looking letters, "how they sound when you read them over? They're just like old-fashioned frock, or the way you used to dress your hair—ridiculous. And once you thought them so beautiful! They look like white coffins, don't they?" and Polly pointed to half a dozen bundles of once white envelopes, each tied with a different colored ribbon, which she had laid out on the library table, ready for sacrificial burning on the altar of our engagement.

"They remind me," I remarked, as I began pulling out of my own overcoat pocket bundle after bundle of pink and blue envelopes, each tied with a common cord, and depositing them beside Polly's collection, "more of skeletons—or stale cigarettes."

"Or dead roses," suggested Polly.

"Or cold pudding," said I.

Polly commenced untying the violet string around a slender packet, and I lay lazily back in the big armchair and watched her through the smoke of my cigarette and began reading.

"Who was he, Polly?" I asked gently, blowing a wreath of smoke and watching it curl around the chandelier.

"He—he doesn't sign his name," said Polly, evasively, and turning pink.

I raised my eyebrows significantly.

"Because," said Polly, hurrying on, "as he always said, it is inartistic to sign your name to a personal letter. If the one for whom it is intended cannot guess the sender by the very first sentence, then either he or she does not care very much, or else the letter is entirely without individuality. You do not have to label a good picture 'This is a cow,' do you?"

"Very clever of him," I remarked.

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Heavyfeather."

"I mean," said I, "that the man who doesn't sign his name to the letters he writes to a woman is either ashamed of what he is doing or insincere in what he is saying; he is either a cad or a coward. When a man really loves you, the only thing on earth he is afraid of is that he will not get you."

"Mr. Heavyfeather," said Polly, coldly, "you never did appreciate style in letter writing. You—"

"Oh, I know his style," I remarked, cynically, "the insinuating, noncommittal style; the style that never signs his name and begins each letter impersonally, as though he were talking to space or posterity."

There was a flash of something white through the air, and the bundle of letters fell from Polly's hand into the blazing fire with a crash.

"Now," said Polly, bringing her elbows down on the table with a little thump and leaning her chin on her clasped hands, "it's your turn."

"But you didn't finish reading them," I said, in surprise.

"What's the use?" said Polly. "They were all alike."

I sighed and opened a pink packet first. I felt Polly's eyes on me, and flushed hotly at the very first line in the intensely interesting epistle I happened to draw out.

"Well?" asked Polly, at length.

"Oh, pshaw!" I began (feeling my cheeks growing hotter every minute). "It isn't fair, Polly, to—"

"You mean," interrupted Polly, "that the lady who wrote the letter said some silly things?"

"They didn't seem silly at the time," I replied warmly.

"They never do," said Polly, "and pudding never tastes flat when it's fresh, and cigarettes never seem stale until they go out; and you never have a headache until the day after the dance."

"And a woman never seems happy," I appended, "until she can spell her soul out on paper."

"Well," flared Polly, "a girl ought to be at perfect liberty to lay her soul quite bare in a letter to her sweetheart."

"That depends," I remarked, "on the sweetheart."

"And on the kind of girl," added Polly, thoughtfully.

"And on the situation," I concluded, "and then you have to reckon with death, accidents and prying landladies."

"I suppose," said Polly, "that the safest thing for a girl to do is to write with the idea that she is going to be famous and that her letters are to be published after death by a mercenary progeny. Then she will say a lot of clever, interesting things which will charm the man in question and yet would make good general reading, if the public should ever take a notion to investigate."

"That, Polly," said I, "would be an excellent idea for a great many reasons; firstly, because a man never appreciates a mushy, gushy letter that seems to be slopping over at the corners with sentiment like a jelly roll. You know, yourself, how, when your plate is too full, the sight of it takes away your appetite. Now, a single slip of something really good and spicy creates a desire for more."

"And a woman's first duty," said Polly, solemnly, "is to create a packet of letters, 'is to create a desire for more!'"

"Besides," I went on, ignoring the cynicism, "if the average girl who indulges in sentimental notes would project herself into the future a few years and draw a mental picture of the wives of her correspondents in the attitude of reading these notes—"

"Ugh!" cried Polly, with a charming little shudder, "she'd never write anything but the 'do-come-to-see-me-mother-sends-regards-Agnes-wants-to-meet-you-hope-you-are-well-with-love-always' kind, would she? She'd never attempt to make herself plain or understood or anything of that sort."

"No," I replied, flinging my cigarette stump into the grate and gazing thoughtfully at the fire. "Why is it a woman always longs to make herself understood, anyway? It's an awful mistake. Because to the average man every girl is just like a geometrical problem, quite uninteresting, after she has been solved."

Polly was arranging the little packets of white letters carefully into different sized piles.

"Why do you tie them with colored ribbons?" I asked, curiously.

"The ribbons," said Polly, "represent the men. I can tell whose letters they are without even glancing at the envelope. White, for instance, is for Arthur Drake, the man with the whitest soul I ever knew, and black is for Jimmy Carrington, who died; red is for Bobby McRae; he was an actor, you know, and blue—"

"You see," she went on in a moment, "every man who comes into a girl's life leaves a distinct impression. For every man she has ever fancied she always has a soft spot somewhere down in her heart. Now, it's different with a man. Nothing is so dead to him as dead love. The girls he has flirted with and tired of are just like your bundles of letters, forgotten trophies tied with an old string."

"Oh, not at all," I protested, thrusting my hand into my waistcoat pocket and extracting a small leather case.

"Here, for instance, is a package of letters that I keep quite separate. I was going to take—I mean to ask—the privilege of keeping these," I stammered.

"But," said Polly, "if love letters are like pudding, or burned cigarettes, or roses, they won't keep."

"These will," I said assuringly, "because they are quite unusual. The girls who wrote them knew how to write; just how far to go to be interesting, and where to stop before becoming gushy. They aren't like roses, saccharine and ephemeral. They are more like immortelles, cool, crisp and everlasting."

Polly leaned over the table and began sorting out a little package of envelopes from her own heap.

"What are those, Polly?" I asked curiously. "They look like telegrams."

"They are," said Polly, coolly. "Some men carry on a correspondence mainly by telegram. When a man is really in love, you know, it is the hardest thing in the world for him to compose a letter. Hence he resorts to the telegraph office. Some of the most beautiful love letters ever written have been just telegrams."

I picked up the bundle absent-mindedly, then let it fall suddenly.

"Polly," I called, softly. But Polly was kneeling beside the grate, watching the flames that burst over the heap of papers.

"Polly," I repeated. But Polly was engrossed in shoving little pink and blue ends down into the coals with the poker.

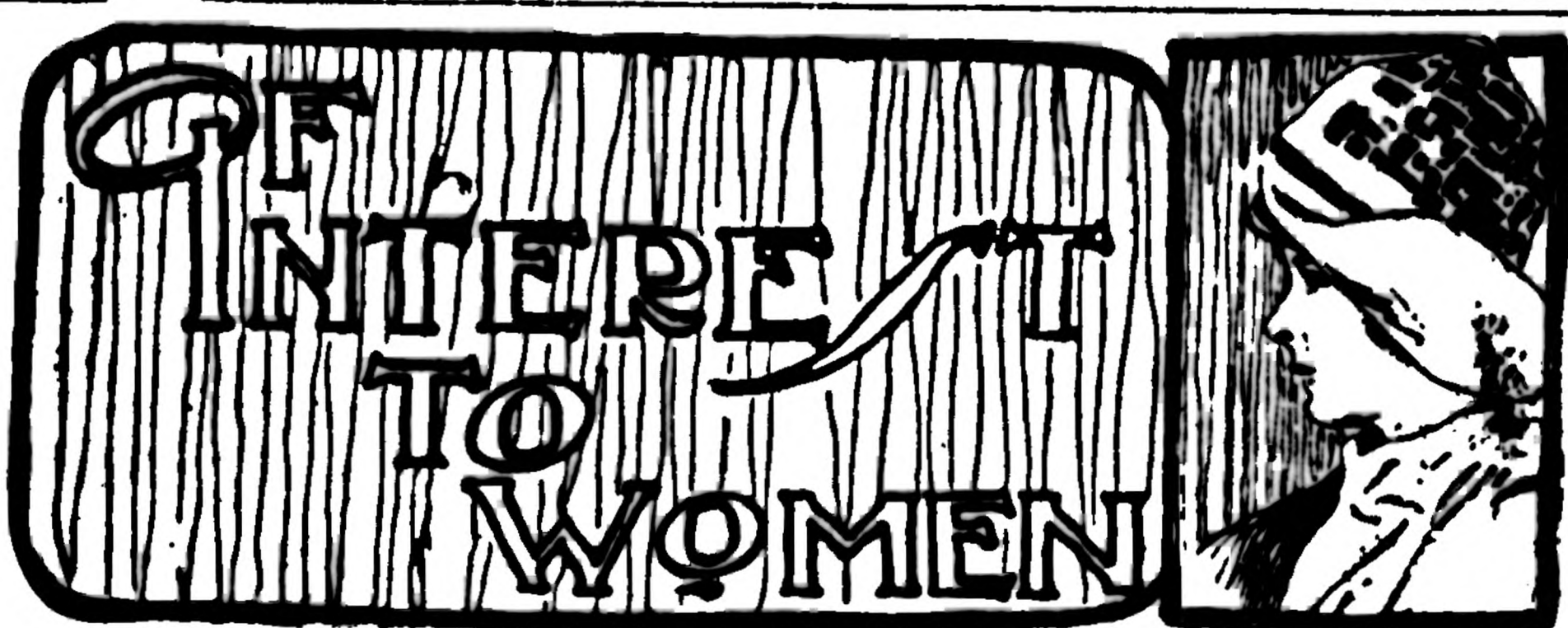
"Polly," said I, rising and going over beside her, "I want to whisper something—in your ear," and knelt down so close that my cheek almost touched Polly's, and put my lips against her dimple, which is nowhere near her ear.

"Say," I whispered, "when did I send you all those telegrams?"

"Oh," ever since I've known you," said Polly.

And the last flame flickered and went out above the heap of ashes in the grate.—Helen Rowland, in Washington Post.

An old Massachusetts law makes it a misdemeanor to display a picture of George Washington under certain circumstances.



PLENTY OF SUNLIGHT.

Weakly children should be out of doors as much as possible during the sunny hours of the day. Sunlight and air are great healthgiving factors. Good milk and plenty of it is another important point, and plenty of sleep and woolen under clothing are essentials. Children may inherit a delicate constitution from their parents, but a healthy childhood often does much to remedy this. It is very unwise to encourage weakly children to walk at an early age. They should be kept back rather than brought forward.

ARRANGEMENT OF COLORS.

Some rather curious manifestations of colors will be much favored this season, as well as shaded effects. One, a large sized Directoire hat, covered with deep Russia leather red velvet, is trimmed with shades of brownish pink. The velvet is cut to shape, and laid on plain over the brim and the high, narrow crown with the forward tilt. Extremely rich, soft satin ribbon, showing those shades of pink melting into each other, is arranged in two puffed rosettes on either side of the horseshoe opening, then carried from thence in a folded band, twice around the crown to finish in larger rosettes, one placed on the edge almost in front, and the other rather lower down on the opposite side. In front also is a large rose, the outer petals of which are made of deep brownish pink velvet, and the inner of the lighter shade of satin.

FADS FOR WOMEN.

By the way, there is a new pocket-book out which looks exactly like a big envelope. The flap fastens with a mock jewel and the pocketbook is carried swinging from a gold chain, which is supposed to be slipped over the wrist. When one realizes what the average woman's pocketbook holds in the way of keys, samples, hair pins and a powder puff, this very flat pocketbook does not seem exactly practical. However, it is something new.

The card case of Egyptian leather is another fad of the moment. It is light tan in color, with printed Egyptian figures and designs in deep brown. It is surely odd enough to be the vogue for a while, and a pleasant change from things Japanese, which we have been surfeited with ever since the beginning of the Japanese-Russian War.—Woman's Home Companion.

STOCKS OF LACE INSERTIONS.

There is a pretty stock which is youthful and always becoming. It is made of insertion, through which ribbons are run. The band is just wide enough and just long enough for the neck, and the ribbons are run through it and tied at the back. Three or four narrow ribbons are very neat if knotted in little bows at the back of the neck, just under the low coiffure. This sort of stock can be worn with any dress.

And there is another stock that is quite as easy to make, and it is one that has been worn a great deal this summer. It is made by taking a strip of lace insertion eighteen inches long and finishing it with little hooks and eyes for the back of the neck. At the front there are fastened two tabs, side by side. The tabs are made by sewing lace medallions together. Take three medallions and attach them in such a way as to make two tags. Sew them to the neck, so that they hang neatly over the bust. This gives something of the stole effect and is very becoming.

The tulle choux are now made smaller and rounder, so that they look like a little ball of cloud. They are light, airy and very becoming.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE ELDERLY WOMAN'S DRESS.

Mothers of families are too apt to consider that their appearance is of small importance. The girls, of course, they wish to have as pretty clothes as they can afford to give them, but, say they, "Who will notice what I wear?" So they are careless about the neatness of their shoes, the fit of their gloves, the fineness of their handkerchiefs, etc., and present anything but a dainty and smart appearance.

Now all this is a mistake, and it is a worse mistake for the matron than it is for the spinster, for it is likely to lessen the happiness of those whom she loves best. When we look at a fresh young girl we often notice her likeness to her mother, and when we see the mother dowdy and draggled-tailed a vision comes before us of what the daughter will be at the same age, and the vision is unpleasant enough to scare off any man who was just awakening to a sense of her charms.

The vision may be prophetic or not, but all the same it has influence, and therefore it is wrong of the mother not to be as well dressed as she can rightly afford to be for her children's sake.

That she will thus also give pleasure to her husband is a consideration which should make the trouble entailed seem well worth while.—New Haven Register.

THE ENGAGED GIRL.

Don't set your lover on a pedestal or imagine him to be endowed with great moral and intellectual qualities. He may not be able to live "up to it," says Max O'Rell. Don't write to him sentimental letters, for he may keep them, show them or carelessly leave them open about his room. Tell him how you feel toward him, but never write it down. Don't drag his name in every sentence which you utter. Don't play constantly with your engagement ring or display it unduly. Don't assume a superior air or snub girls who are not in the same blissful state as you are. Remember that you are not the only girl in the world who has been engaged. It is nothing to boast of. There are many women who are sorry that they were once engaged. You may be one of these. No; don't boast about your engagement. You may as well boast that you are a good sailor while the boat is under a serene sky and on a smooth sea. Wait till the sea gets rough. Then, and then only, will you know whether you are a good sailor or not. "Engaged" life is no rehearsal of married life. Don't make your lover the sun of your life, the centre of all your actions, for he is but human and may prove sadly disappointing. Don't lavish your attention on him to the exclusion of all other ties. Don't exhaust your vocabulary. Keep something nice to tell him after the wedding, something which he has not heard before.

A JEWELRY REVIVAL.

Old-fashioned garnets, cross-shaped pendants, a revival of the brooch! The jeweler's prospectus is full of surprises this year. It is of much keener interest to the woman of moderate means than is usually the case, because of the latent possibilities of heirloom treasures.

She whose jewel box boasts a set of garnets is more fortunate than her wealthier sister with a fortune in diamonds. The quaint pieces our foremothers wore are being revived in connection with the quaint stones, says the Philadelphia North American. The breastpins are not those of ten or fifteen years ago, but antique affairs such as are discoverable in wartime prints and in collections. The pendant cross dates back to the same period, and those of us who have not ourselves worn it will remember our mothers or grandmothers doing so.

Old-fashioned cameos are also being utilized for the highly favored neck ornament and as mountings for hair combs—also a relic of the past. The crosses come in several varieties, plain articles in gold or silver, especially silver, being the favorites. Russian enamel, in Maltese shape and gun metal, plain or mounted with stone, are also shown.

It is worth while examining your jewel case, fair reader. It may yield something forty or fifty years old which is the approved of Dame Fashion, or which could be made so with very slight expense.

BITS ABOUT DRESSES.

Plum and mulberry are new shades in red.

Dress trimmings will be brighter this year than formerly.

While brown is a popular color for suits, blue is a staple color.

Silk lined gowns will be lined with a lighter shade of the color of the gown.

At last millinery attempts in fur are distinguished by real beauty and trimness.

Shades of the same color will be used together more than will contrasting shades.

The round full skirts require stiffening. Many of these have crinoline to a point above the knees.

Lovely blouses may be evolved from a certain creamy silk-and-wool figured fabric shown for that purpose.

Exceedingly elegant gowns will be in good taste if made in the gray shades. The cheaper grays are not good.

The new bright cloth and velvet will be used with sombre suits and gowns. They are especially good as vests, cuffs and revers.

The length of the round skirt will be either ankle length or just touching the floor. The ankle length will be worn more than at first seems likely, being employed in the reception gown as well as in the street gown.

Copper shades are popular and will be combined with colors which seem impossible in such combination. It takes an artist to use colors with effect. It is about the only one of the fashionable shades with which copper tints will not be used.

RAT TWO FEET LONG.

It Gives a Philadelphia Policeman a Hard Fight.

While patrolling his beat on German-town avenue, near Bristol road, in the northwestern part of this city, Policeman Nice, of the Twenty-third District, saw a large obnoxious creeping stealthily from under a doorstep. In the dim light he was unable to make out the form and would have passed it by but for the many rumors that recently have been circulating in the neighborhood regarding a strange animal, so he determined to investigate.

Of late weird tales of scares have been told the police. The animal which caused all the disturbance had been variously described as a wolf, fox, escaped zoological monster and by the less timid as merely a vicious dog.

Seizing his club, Nice boldly approached the animal, which suddenly made a lunge at him, just missing him. Then commenced such a battle royal as Nice declares he does not wish to go through again. Despite the vicious defense the animal put up, the policeman's club was finally effective and the creature lay dead at Nice's feet.

Examination showed that the body was that of a huge rat, measuring nearly two feet in length, the tail alone being over a foot long, and the teeth were large and sharp. To verify his statement of the battle, Nice picked up the carcass and took it to the Park and Lehigh avenues station house, where it is now on exhibition.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

WISE WORDS.

Laziness always lays the blame on luck.

God's designs promise us more than our desires.

If woman lost us Paradise, she alone can restore it.—J. G. Whittier.

I am always content with that which happens, for I think that what God chooses is better than what I choose.—Epictetus.

Intellect may give keenness of discernment; Love alone gives largeness to the nature, some share in the comprehensiveness of God.—John Hamilton Thom.

Without thought, grave, deliberate, self-conscious thought, life will run shallow in every channel. Every active duty needs to build foundations downward through habits of quiet thought.

It is an excellent plan to have some place to go to be quiet when things vex or grieve us. There are a good many hard times in this life of ours, but we can always bear them if we ask help in the right way.—Miss Alcott.

Let love not visit you as a transient guest, but be the constant temper of your soul. Let it pant in your heart, let it sparkle in your eyes, let it shine in all your actions and let there be in your tongue the law of kindness.

Why so Formal?

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AGE OF THE MICROBE.

One Found in Human Brain, Which Causes Us to Fall in Love.

This is truly the age of the microbe. Hardly have we been informed by Prof. Metznikoff that we grow old and feeble because of a mischievous bacillus which develops in our intestines and whose only joy in living is depriving us of eternal youth which would otherwise be ours, when another scientist, Dr. Cotton, with the aid of a powerful microscope, discovers another microbe, this time in our brain, which causes us to fall in love.

The doctor, who is evidently a very prosaic character, states that this microbe produces a kind of insanity. It makes us laugh or cry, inspires tenderness or jealousy and makes us commit acts which we would otherwise never dream of. He announces that he hopes to find a serum which will make us immune.

FITs permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The highest railroad bridge in the world is in Peru.

Blank Coffee Wins Everything.

St. Louis, Nov. 14.—World's Fair gives C. F. Blanke Tea and Coffee Co. highest award, grand prize and gold medal on coffee, also five additional highest awards on Grant Cabin Tea, Quaker Ceylon Tea, China Tea, Shidzuokaken Japan and Formosan Teas, making greatest number grand prizes ever awarded one firm.

There are 44,000 hotels in the United States.

I do not believe Pilo's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyce, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

The only country in Europe without any railway is Montenegro.

French is Popular.

According to the report of the National Union of Teachers, French is the most popular language among students. In other subjects bookkeeping comes first in favor, followed by shorthand, arithmetic and typewriting.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Speaker to Retire.

Mr. Gully, who has entered his seventieth year, will probably retire from the Speakership of the House of Commons before another birthday comes around as a viscount and with a pension of £2000 per annum.

Could Learn From Japs.

In many respects the behavior of the Japanese sets an example to other nations regarding themselves as civilized. War correspondents testify to the scrupulous honesty of the Japanese soldiers which makes it possible to leave valuables, liquor and eatables freely exposed without risk of theft. An extraordinary instance of the same scrupulous regard for individual property rights is given in dispatches from St. Petersburg, announcing that the Russian general staff is regularly receiving through the intermediary of the French embassy large numbers of carefully fastened packets forwarded by the Japanese military authorities. They contain objects of value of all kinds, such as jewels, cigar cases, purses, watches, gold crosses and sums of money, sometimes even single rouble pieces, found by the Japanese on the bodies of Russian officers and soldiers buried by them after battles.



A Marvel of Relief

St. Jacobs Oil

Safe and sure for

Lumbago

and Sciatica

It is the specific virtue of penetration in this remedy that carries it right to the pain spot and effects a prompt cure.

Hunting of the Buffalo Was Exciting.

A PARTY of fourteen of us were going south from Fort Kearney, Neb., on foot, with two mule teams to haul our camp equipments and supplies," relates Mr. Richards. "One afternoon we were making our way leisurely along a ridge, when we suddenly descried on the summit of another ridge a huge black line at least a half mile in length. Those of us who had not been on the plains before could not make out what this line was, but we were informed by the chief of our party that it was a herd of buffalo.

"We could see plainly enough that with our heavily loaded teams we could not get beyond it. Our chief therefore promptly called a halt, gave orders that the two wagons be brought up close together, one behind the other and directed that the mules be unhitched, placed behind the wagons on the side opposite that from which the buffalo were coming and securely fastened to the wheels. Then one man was detailed to each mule to keep it as quiet as possible, while ten of us were instructed to fill our pockets with cartridges, form a line, go out to meet the buffalo and try to split them and keep them divided until they passed the wagons.

"The Spencer carbines with which we were armed shot a .50-caliber bullet with a charge of powder much too light for that weight of load and that kind of game. We went back some 300 yards from the wagons and opened fire. The rear end of the herd had not yet come up over the opposite ridge, so that we were confronted by a mass of buffalo half a mile long on the front and extending at least that far back. The animals were coming toward us at what was only a fast walk until we opened fire, and then broke into a gallop. To stop them was out of the question, for those in front were urged forward by those behind.

"I recall distinctly that when I fired my first shot, the front of the line being about 200 yards from us, I thought I had struck a horn, but when I had fired several shots and heard them all strike I knew I was hitting something beside horns. I thought noise might be of benefit at this time, so having good lungs I exerted them to the utmost, joined at once by the rest of the firing party. And my theory worked out all right. The noise of our guns and of our voices, with what execution our bullets were doing, caused the herd to divide and pass to each side of us. But we soon found ourselves in a precarious situation. When the herd was first split, the buffalo could see as well as hear us, and they veered off either way, but those that were following created such a noise themselves and raised such a cloud of dust that they could hardly see or hear us, and soon began to crowd in on us in a way exceedingly disquieting.

SITUATION EXCITING.

The animals were being forced backward and in and upon each other to such an extent that it became doubtful whether we were going to succeed in our effort. If we should fail it meant that we should be trampled under foot and the entire party as well as the outfit wiped off the face of the earth. We had been forced into a solid line and were splitting the herd, because we would not be doubled up or give way on either side. We had been going back foot by foot, had few cartridges left and it was becoming evident that we could not hold out much longer when our backs came in contact with the wagons, and almost at the same instant we saw daylight ahead of us, and there was the end of the herd. The most remarkable thing about the whole affair was that when the herd had passed and the dust had settled there were only two dead buffaloes lying upon the plains, while more than 300 shots had been fired.

"Having a small supply of water in our wagons, we camped at the place where the fight had taken place, but got little sleep, as the herd stopped within a short distance of us. On account of the wounded buffalo and smell of fresh blood, they were in a state of turmoil all night, while the wolves—both coyotes and the large gray animals—kept up an incessant howling all night long. We moved on the next morning in good order with plenty of buffalo meat, the first we had obtained upon the trip.

"The buffalo is, under ordinary circumstances," continued Mr. Richards, "a docile animal, neither aggressive nor combative, but I had some experience with the animal which went to show that when aggravated they are dangerous. I found that ordinarily a buffalo, like any other wild animal with which I have had experience, will run from a hunter when given an opportunity, and that when wounded it will not ordinarily charge a man

from a greater distance than about fifty yards. On one occasion I met one which was an exception to this rule, however. I was hunting on foot with a Henry rifle. Buffalo were not plentiful in the locality, but I finally sighted an old bull lying down on the plains. Hunting on foot, I needed meat badly, and could not afford to let this old fellow get away. Buffalo are not wary when lying down, and I approached to within 150 yards, when I concluded I was about as close as I cared to be, took aim and fired.

"My bullet struck the sloping surface of a rib, made a slit in the hide and did no further damage. The old fellow jumped up and started to run at right angles to the line I was following, giving me a good shot at his side. I fired, but having underestimated the distance, the ball dropped and struck him just above the hoof of the foreleg. He then turned and came straight for me.

A FORTUNATE SHOT.

"There was nothing for me to do but to hold my ground and shoot. He came on without the slightest hesitation, and I kept shooting as fast as I could, but after a few shots I became much alarmed respecting the number of cartridges remaining in my magazine. I had no time to look to see whether I was throwing in a cartridge every time I threw down the lever. Just as I was about to pull the trigger for another shot he stopped. He was so near I could have thrown my hat on his horns.

"The old fellow certainly presented a most terrifying aspect. I found two or three bullets in his forehead, flattened on his skull, while the ball which killed him had passed along the side of his neck and entered his body between the neck and the shoulder blade. But for that one fortunate shot, this story probably would never have been told."

—Washington Star.

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"My wife had a Tame cat that dyd, Being a Tortureshell and a Grate faver-icet, we had the same berred in the Gardin, and for the enrichment of the soil I had the Carkis deposited under the roots of a Gooseberry Bush. (The Frute being up to then of the smooth varriety.) Put the next Seson's Frute. after the Cat was berred, the Goose berries was all Hairy—and more Remarkable, the Catapillers of the Same Bush was All of said Hairy description."—Collier's.

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"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I can conscientiously recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to those of my sisters suffering with female weakness and the troubles which so often befall women. I suffered for months with general weakness, and felt so weary that I had hard work to keep up. I had shooting pains, and was utterly miserable. In my distress I was advised to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it was a red letter day to me when I took the first dose, for at that time my restoration began. In six weeks I was a changed woman, perfectly well in every respect. I felt so elated and happy that I want all women who suffer to get well as I did."—MISS GUILA GANNON, 359 Jones St., Detroit, Mich., Secretary Amateur Art Association.

It is clearly shown in this young lady's letter that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will certainly cure the sufferings of women; and when one considers that Miss Gannon's letter is only one of the countless hundreds which we are continually publishing in the newspapers of this country, the great virtue of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine must be admitted by all; and for the absolute cure of all kinds of female ills no substitute can possibly take its place. Women should bear this important fact in mind when they go into a drug store, and be sure not to accept anything that is claimed to be "just as good" as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for no other medicine for female ills has made so many actual cures.

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"I consider your Vegetable Compound the finest remedy made. Thanking you many times for the benefit I received from your medicine, I remain, Yours truly, MRS. J. H. FARMER, 2809 Elliott Ave., St. Louis, Mo."

Remember Mrs. Pinkham's advice is free and all sick women are foolish if they do not ask for it. She speaks from the widest experience, and has helped multitudes of women.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

WET WEATHER COMFORT

"I have used your FISH BRAND Slicker for five years and can truthfully say that I never have had anything give me so much comfort and satisfaction. Enclosed find my order for another one." (NAME AND ADDRESS ON APPLICATION)

You can defy the hardest storm with Tower's Waterproof Oiled Clothing and Hats

OUR GUARANTEE IS BACK OF THIS SIGN OF THE FISH
A. J. TOWER CO.
Boston, U. S. A.

TOWER CANADIAN CO.
Limited
TORONTO, CANADA

WINSLOW



ICE SKATES

Our Ice Skates include all up-to-date lines for ladies, men, boys, girls and little children. Sixty-one different styles of adjustments and finish. If your dealer hasn't them, we have, send to us. Address Dept. C for Complete Catalogue. The Winslow Ice Skate Mfg. Co., Worcester, Mass. Also manufacturers of Winslow Roller Skates.

The Eminent Scotch Physician

When all other help fails consult

DOCTOR GINER,

He will cure you of Cancer, Consumption, Nervous Diseases and long standing complaints. Note the address, 708 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. All advice free of charge.

Is supplied with Thompson's Eye Water

PIMPLES

"I tried all kinds of blood remedies which failed to do me any good, but I found the right thing at last. My face was full of pimples and blackheads. After taking Cascarets they all left. I am continuing the use of them and recommending them to my friends. I feel fine when I rise in the morning. Hope to have a chance to recommend Cascarets."

Fred C. Witten, 76 Elm St., Newark, N. J.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Builds up the System, Has Records of most loyal soldiers' service, and ages of Cato men, 32 years practice, Laws and advice FREE. A. W. McCORMICK & SONS, 618 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

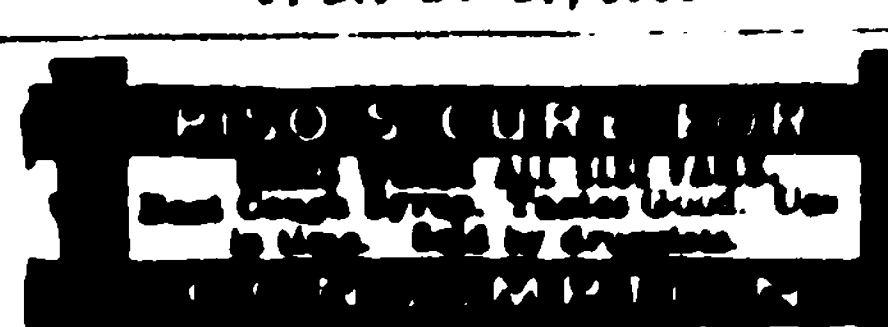
Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. 50c ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

WANTED \$8 to \$15 weekly easily earned by either sex knitting seamless hosiery for wear on market, our improved family machine, with ribbing attachment, furnished families who do not own a machine, on easy payment plan; write at once for full particulars and coupon for making money, no experience required. UNITED STATES WOOLLEN COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

PENSIONS on age at \$2.—Civil War, or on discharge of most loyal soldiers' service, and ages of Cato men, 32 years practice, Laws and advice FREE. A. W. McCORMICK & SONS, 618 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 day trial. Treatment Free. Dr. E. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

P. N. U. 47, 1904.



AGE OF THE MICROBE.

One Found in Human Brain, Which Causes Us to Fall in Love.

This is truly the age of the microbe. Hardly have we been informed by Prof. Metchnikoff that we grow old and feeble because of a mischievous bacillus which develops in our intestines and whose only joy in living is derived from poisoning our blood and depriving us of eternal youth which would otherwise be ours, when another scientist, Dr. Cotton, with the aid of a powerful microscope, discovers another microbe, this time in our brain, which causes us to fall in love.

The doctor, who is evidently a very prosaic character, states that this microbe produces a kind of insanity. It makes us laugh or cry, inspires tenderness or jealousy and makes us commit acts which we would otherwise never dream of. He announces that he hopes to find a serum which will make us immune.

FITs permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The highest railroad bridge in the world is in Peru.

Blank Coffee Wins Everything. St. Louis, Nov. 14.—World's Fair gives C. F. Blank Coffee and Coffee Co. highest award, grand prize and gold medal on coffee, also five additional highest awards on Grant Cabin Tea, Quaker Ceylon Tea, China Tea, Shidzuokaken Japan and Formosan Tea, making Japanese number grand prizes ever awarded one firm.

There are 44,000 hotels in the United States.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BORER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 16, 1900.

The only country in Europe without any railway is Montenegro.

French is Popular.

According to the report of the National Union of Teachers, French is the most popular language among students. In other subjects bookkeeping comes first in favor, followed by shorthand, arithmetic and typewriting.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Speaker to Retire.

Mr. Gully, who has entered his seventy-fifth year, will probably retire from the Speakership of the House of Commons before another birthday comes around as a vicount and with a pension of £2000 per annum.

Could Learn From Japs.

In many respects the behavior of the Japanese sets an example to other nations regarding themselves as civilized. War correspondents testify to the scrupulous honesty of the Japanese soldiers which makes it possible to leave valuables, liquor and eatables freely exposed without risk of theft. An extraordinary instance of the same scrupulous regard for individual property rights is given in dispatches from St. Petersburg, announcing that the Russian general staff is regularly receiving through the intermediary of the French embassy large numbers of carefully fastened packets forwarded by the Japanese military authorities. They contain objects of value of all kinds, such as jewels, cigar cases, purses, watches, gold crosses and sums of money, sometimes even single rouble pieces, found by the Japanese on the bodies of Russian officers and soldiers buried by them after battles.



A Marvel of Relief

St. Jacobs Oil

Safe and sure for

Lumbago

and

Sciatica

It is the specific virtue of penetration in this remedy that carries it right to the pain spot and effects a prompt cure.

Hunting of the Buffalo Was Exciting.

A PARTY of fourteen of us were going south from Fort Kearney, Neb., on foot, with two mule teams to haul our camp equipments and supplies," relates Mr. Richards. "One afternoon we were making our way leisurely along a ridge, when we suddenly descended on the summit of another ridge a huge black line at least a half mile in length. Those of us who had not been on the plains before could not make out what this line was, but we were informed by the chief of our party that it was a herd of buffalo.

"We could see plainly enough that with our heavily loaded teams we could not get beyond it. Our chief therefore promptly called a halt, gave orders that the two wagons be brought up close together, one behind the other and directed that the mules be unhitched, placed behind the wagons on the side opposite that from which the buffalo were coming and securely fastened to the wheels. Then one man was detailed to each mule to keep it as quiet as possible, while ten of us were instructed to fill our pockets with cartridges, form a line, go out to meet the buffalo and try to split them and keep them divided until they passed the wagons.

"The Spencer carbines with which we were armed shot a .50-caliber bullet with a charge of powder much too light for that weight of load and that kind of game. We went back some 300 yards from the wagons and opened fire. The rear end of the herd had not yet come up over the opposite ridge, so that we were confronted by a mass of buffalo half a mile long on the front and extending at least that far back. The animals were coming toward us at what was only a fast walk until we opened fire, and then broke into a gallop. To stop them was out of the question, for those in front were urged forward by those behind.

"I recall distinctly that when I fired my first shot, the front of the line being about 200 yards from us, I thought I had struck a horn, but when I had fired several shots and heard them all strike I knew I was hitting something beside horns. I thought noise might be of benefit at this time, so having good lungs I exerted them to the utmost, joined at once by the rest of the firing party. And my theory worked out all right. The noise of our guns and of our voices, with what execution our bullets were doing, caused the herd to divide and pass to each side of us. But we soon found ourselves in a precarious situation. When the herd was first split, the buffalo could see as well as hear us, and they veered off either way, but those that were following created such a noise themselves and raised such a cloud of dust that they could hardly see or hear us, and soon began to crowd in on us in a way exceedingly disquieting.

SITUATION EXCITING.

The animals were being forced backward and in and upon each other to such an extent that it became doubtful whether we were going to succeed in our effort. If we should fail it meant that we should be trampled under foot and the entire party as well as the outfit wiped off the face of the earth. We had been forced into a solid line and were splitting the herd, because we would not be doubled up or give way on either side. We had been going back foot by foot, had few cartridges left and it was becoming evident that we could not hold out much longer when our backs came in contact with the wagons, and almost at the same instant we saw daylight ahead of us, and there was the end of the herd. The most remarkable thing about the whole affair was that when the herd had passed and the dust had settled there were only two dead buffaloes lying upon the plains, while more than 300 shots had been fired.

"Having a small supply of water in our wagons, we camped at the place where the fight had taken place, but got little sleep, as the herd stopped within a short distance of us. On account of the wounded buffalo and smell of fresh blood, they were in a state of turmoil all night, while the wolves—both coyotes and the large gray animals—kept up an incessant howling all night long. We moved on the next morning in good order with plenty of buffalo meat, the first we had obtained upon the trip.

"The buffalo is, under ordinary circumstances," continued Mr. Richards, "a docile animal, neither aggressive nor combative, but I had some experience with the animal which went to show that when aggravated they are dangerous. I found that ordinarily a buffalo, like any other wild animal with which I have had experience, will run from a hunter when given an opportunity, and that when wounded it will not ordinarily charge a man

from a greater distance than about fifty yards. On one occasion I met one which was an exception to this rule, however. I was hunting on foot with a Henry rifle. Buffalo were not plentiful in the locality, but I finally sighted an old bull lying down on the plains. Hunting on foot, I needed meat badly, and could not afford to let this old fellow get away. Buffalo are not wary when lying down, and I approached to within 150 yards, when I concluded I was about as close as I cared to be, took aim and fired.

"My bullet struck the sloping surface of a rib, made a slit in the hide and did no further damage. The old fellow jumped up and started to run at right angles to the line I was following, giving me a good shot at his side. I fired, but having underestimated the distance, the ball dropped and struck him just above the hoof of the foreleg. He then turned and came straight for me.

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OUR GUARANTEE IS BACK OF THIS SIGN OF THE FISH
A. J. TOWER CO. TOWER'S
Boston, U. S. A.
TOWER CANADIAN CO. Limited
TORONTO, CANADA

WINSLOW



ICE SKATES

Our Ice Skates include all up-to-date lines for ladies, men, boys, girls and little children. Sixty-one different styles of adjustments and finishes. If your dealer hasn't them, we have; send to us. Address Dept. C for Complete Catalogue, The Winslow Skate Mfg. Co., Worcester, Mass. Also manufacturers of Winslow Roller Skates.

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As supplied with Thompson's Eye Water

PIMPLES

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Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. Be sure the name is in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

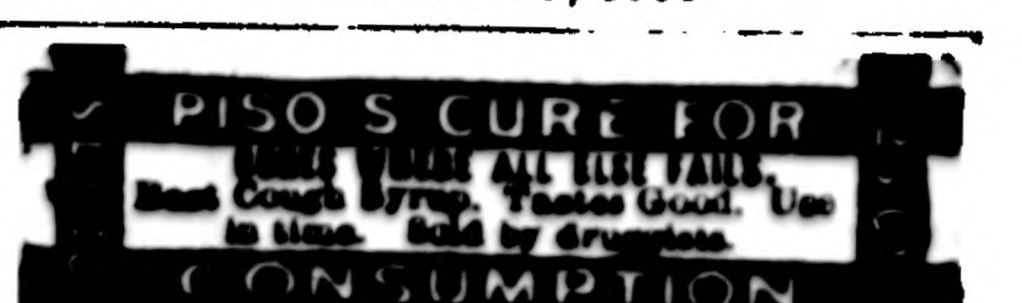
ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES!

WANTED \$8 to \$15 weekly easily earned by either sex knitting seamless hosiery for wear in market, our improved family machine, with ribbing attachment, furnished families who do not own a machine, on easy payment plan; write at once for full particulars and commence making money, no experience required. UNITED STATES WOOLLEN COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

PENSIONS on age at 62—Civil War, or on glass-records of most loyal soldiers' service, and ages of Civil War, 20 years practice, laws and advice FREE. A. W. M. CORMICK & SONS, 616 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 day treatment FREE. Dr. E. H. GRUBBS, 508 S. Atlantic, Ga.

P. N. U. 47, 1904.



PERSONAL.

Mrs. Margaret Helzel, of Philadelphia street, attended the funeral of her daughter-in-law at Baltimore, on Friday.

Mrs. Sarah F. Himes, of Pitt street, left last Wednesday on an extended visit to her son, Mr. H. A. Himes, at Jersey City, N. J.

Pvt. Raymond Sheely, 90th Battery, Coast Artillery, stationed at Fort Howard, Md., spent a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Sheely, West High street.

Miss Annie E. Thomas, of New Chester, who has been visiting friends at Table Rock and Gettysburg, for the past three weeks, returned home on Monday.

Mrs. Kate Mickley, of near Cashtown, spent several days at the home of her sister, Mrs. A. V. Staub, near town.

Miss Mary Lingg, of near town, is spending the week with friends at Hanover and McSherrystown.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1905 Almanac.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks Almanac for 1905 is now ready, being the finest edition ever issued. This splendid and costly book of 200 pages is a complete study of astronomy and storm and weather for 1905. It is too well known to need comment. See it and you will so decide. The price, postpaid to any address, is 20c. per copy. The Rev. Irl R. Hicks' scientific, religious and family journal, **WORD AND WORKS**, now abreast with the best magazines, is 75c. a year. Both **WORD AND WORKS** and the Almanac \$1.00 per year. No better investment possible for any person or family. Try it, and see. Send to

WORD AND WORKS PUB. CO.,
2201 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Court Items.

At a Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace and Orphans' Court held on Monday, President Judge Swope and Associates Deas and Mehling presiding, the following business was transacted:

All accounts as advertised by the Registrar and Recorder were confirmed.

Return of sale of real estate of David H. Reutong, late of Menallen township; Sophia Horner, Gettysburg, and Henry D. Raffensperger, dec'd, Franklin township, were confirmed.

Election of David Brougher to take against the will of Abbie Brougher, his dec'd wife, filed and ordered to be recorded.

Authority granted Geo. F. Witter, guardian of Maggie Winand, minor child of Ammon Winand, dec'd, to pay share of said ward into Court.

Inventory and appraisal of the property retained by S. E. Neely, widow of John W. Neely, late of the borough of York Springs, dec'd, filed and list approved.

Wm. F. Shull, executor of the estate of Frederick Snyder, dec'd, discharged.

In the matter of the report of viewers in alias view on road in Mountpleasant township, from a point in road leading from Mount Rock to White Hall, to a point in road leading from Mt. Rock to Hunterstown, the exceptions were withdrawn and report of viewers, confirmed absolute to the width of 24 feet.

Order of Court pertaining to the filing of liquor license application, &c., filed.

Wm. Hersh, Esq., appointed auditor to dispose of exceptions and make distribution of the estate of the late Abraham Meals.

COMMON PLEAS.

The petition of Samuel Light for writ of habeas corpus presented and writ awarded returnable at phumbers, December 17.

Petition of Laura Pettis for guardian of James Pettis filed and Court fixed Jan. 2, 1905, for the hearing of said application, proper notice to be given relatives.

In the divorce proceedings of Leah A. Snitzer vs. J. Frederick Snitzer, alias subpoena was awarded returnable the fourth Monday of January, and in the case of Anna Hochschild, libellant, vs. Alto Hochschild, respondent, subpoena awarded returnable fourth Monday in January.

The case of Chas. B. Swartz, Adm'r, vs. S. L. Johns, guardian, argued and decision reserved.

The Court designated 350 names of sober, intelligent and judicious persons to be selected from the whole number of qualified electors of the county to serve as jurors in the several Courts during the year 1905.

The Court appointed J. L. Butt, Esq., to audit the accounts of the Prothonotary, Register and Recorder and Clerk of the Courts.

John L. Hill, Esq., appointed Commissioner in divorce of Jos. A. Albert vs. Sarah Ann Albert.

A FRIGHTENED HORSE.—Running like mad down the street dumping the occupants, or a hundred other accidents, or a hundred other accidents, are every day occurrences. It behooves everybody to have a reliable Sarge handy and there's none as good as Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Burns, Cuts, Sores, Eczema and Itches, disappear quickly under its soothing effect. 25c. at Webster's drug store.

Hampton Items

Mrs. Jennie Chronister of this place, visited friends at East Berlin last week.

Mrs. Beam of this place, is visiting friends near Bowlder.

Communion services will be held in the Lutheran church this place, this Sunday morning. Preparatory services on Saturday afternoon; also services in the same church each evening this week.

Drastic But Effectual.

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13—J. S. Weaver, Oxford township, stock and farm implements.

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I have now the most Complete Stock of

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—Drop in and see our stock and grand display in our new large rooms.

Undertaking a Specialty.

A. S. FEISER,
Philadelphia St., - New Oxford.

I. C. Bosserman,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Light and Heavy Harness made to order.
Repairing a Specialty.

Carlistle Street, New Oxford, Pa.

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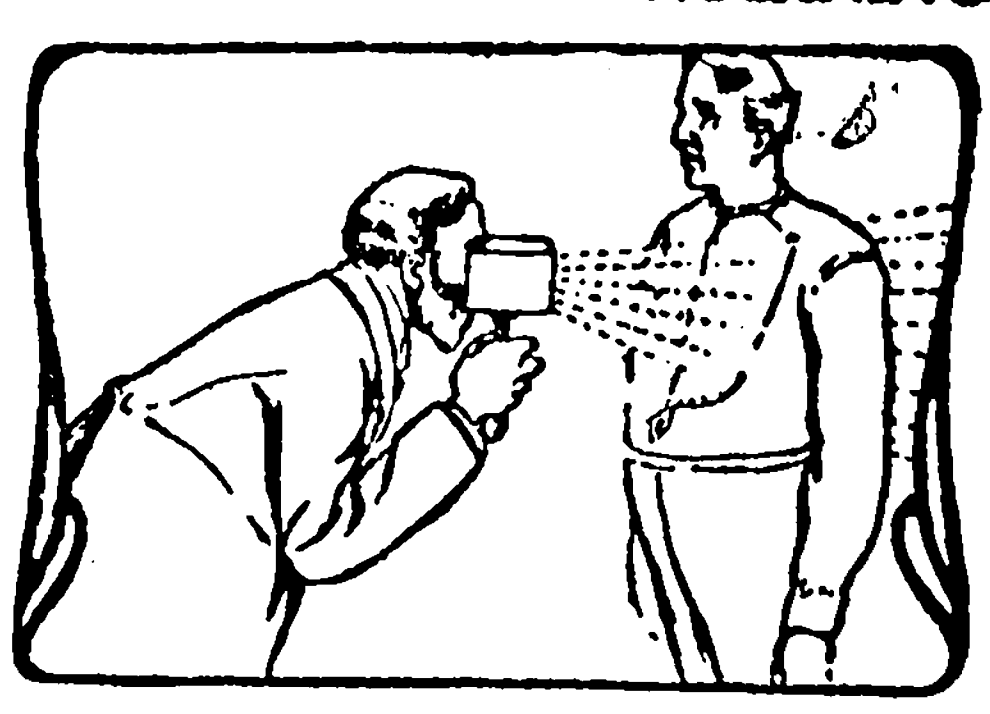
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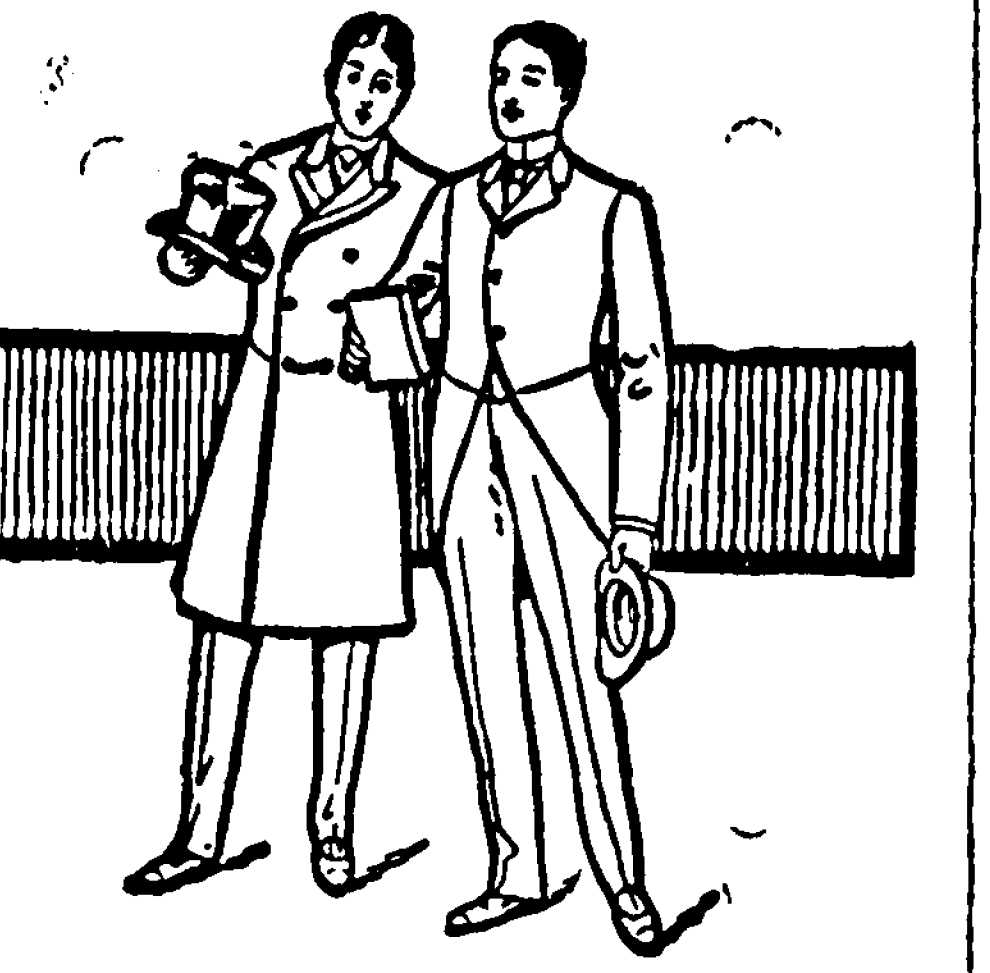
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is fast approaching and we desire to make December the busiest month of the year.

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The Fit and Workmanship must be right.

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For the diseases of chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese. Will positively cure and prevent

Cholera, Cholera, and Roup.

Keeps hens healthy while moulting, improves the gloss and coat of the feathers, and gives strength and vigor to growing fowls.

Nothing on earth makes hens lay like EMLET'S POULTRY POWDER.

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Emlet & Jenkins,
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Subscribe for the ITEM. Only \$1.

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Christmas Buying and Selecting of Presents is Here.

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I am selling a Fancy Mantel Clock complete with figure at \$6.50.

They are elegant clocks for the price and fully guaranteed.

Any person desiring to select a present can make their selection and by making part payment have same put aside until ready to call for it.

Call and examine my line. No trouble to show goods and no obligation to buy.

Charles A. Kuhn,

CARLISTLE ST. HANOVER, PA.

Formerly Kuhn Bros.

Positions. Have You Been There?

Do you remember the questions that were put to you? Did you wonder why you were not given the chance? Fact is when a man in the business world wants the service of another, he wants expert service. Men do not employ recommendations of intentions—these are all good in their way, but they go a very little way if they are not backed up by ability to pursue practical business methods. Methods come easy to some, harder to others, but all have to learn them. Ours is a school of business methods, supervised by business men. We sharpen the tools that men work with their intellect and common sense.

Do You Want a Position?

If so attend our school and become proficient in *Book Keeping, Business Arithmetic, Penmanship, Spelling, Punctuation and Letter Writing, Business Law, Shorthand and Typewriting, etc.*, and will assist you in securing one. Now there may be some point you want light on, if so, write to us for catalogue, booklet, etc. Open the entire year. Pupils admitted at any time. Enter now.

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Gehley Building.

9 West Market St., YORK, Pa.

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Everything Must be Sold!

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Highest Cash Prices Paid at all times for Eggs, in trade or Cash.

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Buy your wife a National Carpet Sweeper for a Christmas present and make her happy. THE WENTZ CO., 33 Balto. St., Hanover.

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Oysters. The undersigned desires to inform the public that he will have at all times during season, at Hotel Oxford, FRESH SALTWATER OYSTERS, prepared in any style desired, by the well-known caterer, O. H. Robinson. Families supplied in any quantities desired. F. L. FLESHMAN. Cor. Pitt and Bolton Sts., New Oxford.

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PERSONAL.

Mrs. Margaret Helzel, of Philadelphia street, attended the funeral of her daughter-in-law at Baltimore, on Friday.

Mrs. Sarah F. Himes, of Pitt street, left last Wednesday on an extended visit to her son, Mr. H. A. Himes, at Jersey City, N. J.

Pvt. Raymond Sheely, 90th Battery, Coast Artillery, stationed at Fort Howard, Md., spent a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Sheely, West High street.

Miss Annie E. Thomas, of New Chester, who has been visiting friends at Table Rock and Gettysburg, for the past three weeks, returned home on Monday.

Mrs. Kate Mickley, of near Cashtown, spent several days at the home of her sister, Mrs. A. V. Staub, near town.

Miss Mary Lingg, of near town, is spending the week with friends at Hanover and McSherrystown.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1905 Almanac.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks Almanac for 1905 is now ready, being the finest edition ever issued. This splendid and costly book of 200 pages is a complete study of astronomy and storm and weather for 1905. It is too well known to need comment. See it and you will so decide. The price, postpaid to any address, is 20c. per copy. The Rev. Irl R. Hicks' scientific, religious and family journal, **WORD AND WORKS**, now abreast with the best magazines, is 75c. a year. Both **WORD AND WORKS** and the Almanac \$1.00 per year. No better investment possible for any person or family. Try it, and see. Send to

WORD AND WORKS PUB. CO.,
2201 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Court Items.

At a Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace and Orphans' Court held on Monday, President Judge Swope and Associates Deals and Mehling presiding, the following business was transacted:

All accounts as advertised by the Register and Recorder were confirmed.

Return of sale of real estate of David H. Reutson, late of Menallen township; Sophia Horner, Gettysburg, and Henry D. Raffensperger, dec'd, Franklin township, were confirmed.

Election of David Brougher to take against the will of Abbie Brougher, his dec'd wife, filed and ordered to be recorded.

Authority granted Geo. F. Witter, guardian of Maggie Winand, minor child of Ammon Winand, dec'd, to pay share of said ward into Court.

Inventory and appraisal of the property retained by S. E. Neely, widow of John W. Neely, late of the borough of York Springs, dec'd, filed and list approved.

Wm. F. Shull, executor of the estate of Frederick Snyder, dec'd, discharged.

In the matter of the report of viewers in alias view on road in Mountpleasant township, from a point in road leading from Mount Rock to White Hall, to a point in road leading from Mt. Rock to Hunterstown, the exceptions were withdrawn and report of viewers, confirmed absolute to the width of 24 feet.

Order of Court pertaining to the filing of liquor license application, &c., filed.

Wm. Hersh, Esq., appointed auditor to dispose of exceptions and make distribution of the estate of the late Abraham Meals.

COMMON PLEAS.

The petition of Samuel Light for writ of habeas corpus presented and writ awarded returnable at chambers, December 17.

Petition of Laura Pettis for guardian of James Pettis filed and Court fixed Jan. 2, 1905, for the hearing of said application, proper notice to be given relatives.

In the divorce proceedings of Leah A. Snitzer vs. J. Frederick Snitzer, alias subpoena was awarded returnable the fourth Monday of January, and in the case of Anna Hochschild, libellant, vs. Alto. Hochschild, respondent, subpoena awarded returnable fourth Monday in January.

The case of Chas. B. Swartz, Adm'r, vs. S. L. Johns, guardian, argued and decision reserved.

The Court designated 350 names of sober, intelligent and judicious persons to be selected from the whole number of qualified electors of the county to serve as jurors in the several Courts during the year 1905.

The Court appointed J. L. Butt, Esq., to audit the accounts of the Prothonotary, Register and Recorder and Clerk of the Courts.

John L. Hill, Esq., appointed Commissioner in divorce of Jos. A. Albert vs. Sarah Ann Albert.

A FRIGHTENED HICK.—Running like mad down the street dumping the occupants, or a hundred other accidents, or a hundred other accidents, are every day occurrences. It behooves everybody to have a reliable Salve handy and there's none as good as Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Burns, Cuts, Sores, Eczema and Piles, disappear quickly under its soothing effect. 25c. at W. Wehler's drug store.

Hampton Items

Mrs. Jennie Chronister of this place, visited friends at East Berlin last week.

Mrs. Beam of this place, is visiting friends near Bowlder.

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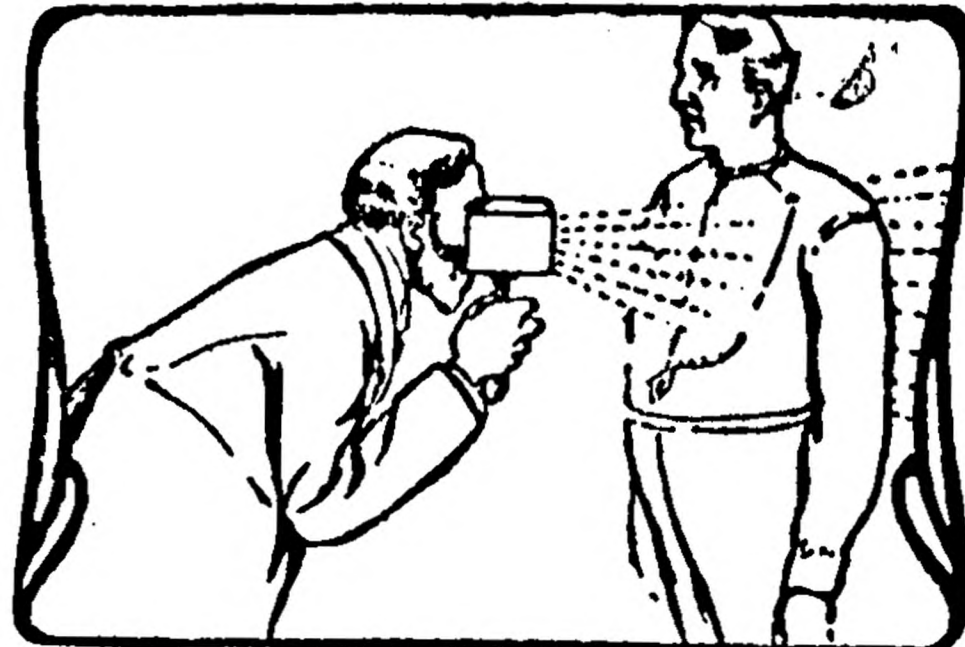
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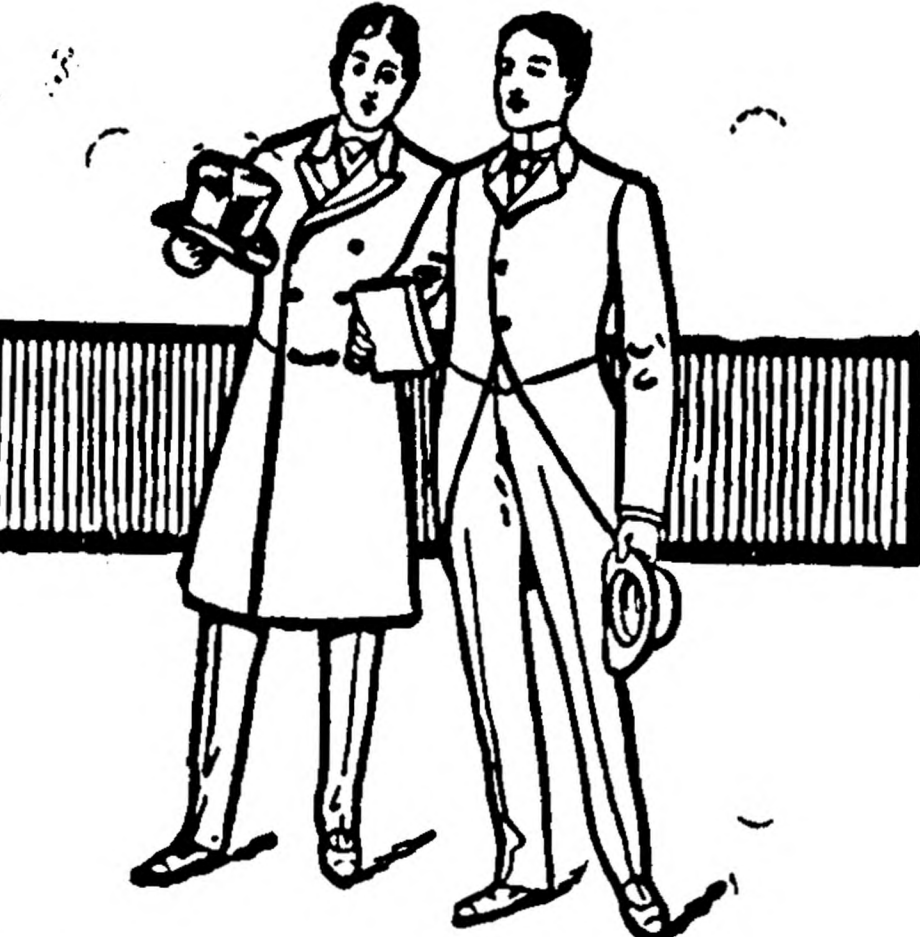
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